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Established June, 1789, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with few exceptions, has been published continuously since that time. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable features and household departments. It reaches so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

CHRISTMAS DAY

Next Monday will be Christmas, and as usual will be observed as a complete holiday in Newport, all places of business being closed, with the exception of those that are always open. There will, of course, be much activity at the Postoffice and also at the express office, as these establishments find the holiday season one for work rather than for rest. But generally the business men and employees will settle down for a quiet day at home, and will forget their cares for one day at least.

There has been much activity in the stores for the past two weeks, and it looks as if stocks would be pretty well reduced by Saturday night. The larger stores did not commence on their evening openings until Thursday night, but many of the smaller ones have been open for the past two weeks. The display of Christmas greens, holly and Christmas trees has apparently been rather larger than usual, but within the past few days the stocks have seemed to melt away. The price of turkeys in the markets averages somewhat lower than at Thanksgiving, some of the prices running below fifty cents for Western birds, and up to 75 cents for the finest New England turkeys. Geese and ducks are plentiful also.

The public schools closed for the week's vacation on Thursday night, and will not re-open until after New Year's. St. George's School closed on Thursday night, the boys leaving by the first train Friday morning, as many of them have long distances to travel before they reach their homes. The school will not re-open until Wednesday, January 10. It is hoped that at the beginning of the term the new Memorial Building will be ready for occupancy.

The Community Christmas tree has been set up on the Mall as usual, and will be illuminated each night until after New Year's. The musical program will be held there on Sunday afternoon.

Because of the extremely close division of the parties in the General Assembly, some of the local office holders are getting a bit anxious as to their chances for re-election next month. There will be many offices to be filled by election in Grand Committee, and several of them are now filled by Newport Republicans. However, as the Republicans will have a clear majority in Grand Committee, even without counting the independents, there should seem to be no likelihood of many changes.

Mr. Clarence C. Thurston is at the Newport Hospital in a serious condition following a skating accident on the Pond. He was skating backward when his skate struck a stone, throwing him to the ice with such violence that he was rendered unconscious. He was hurried to the Newport Hospital in a semi-conscious condition, where it was found that he was suffering from a fracture of the skull.

A fire in a pile of soft coal in the fireproof heater house of Adelson's tobacco storehouse on Long Wharf was the cause of a still alarm Thursday morning. While soft coal frequently causes fires in other places, such an occurrence is rare in Newport.

It is commonly reported that a strong effort will be made to have Captain J. J. Leary returned to active duty on the police force, following his retirement by order of the Mayor last week. Court action is talked of.

SUPERIOR COURT

The Justices of the Superior Court have been busy in Newport this week, and there has been much activity around the Courthouse. Judge Hugh B. Baker has heard criminal cases in the regular session of the Court, while Judge Chester W. Barrows came down from Providence early in the week to hear the case regarding the lease of Newport Beach. There have been long daily sessions in each Court.

In Judge Barrows' court many witnesses have been called in the case against the Beach lease. Old records have been delved into for many years, and many of the older residents of Newport have been called to testify to conditions that existed at the Beach in their early memory. City Clerk Fullerton and Deputy City Clerk Cahalan have been on the stand at various times, identifying old records and also testifying to action taken by various city bodies. Many have testified that the Beach was apparently a public place in years gone by, men and boys being allowed certain hours for bathing. Sand and seaweed were formerly carted from the Beach without obtaining permission from anyone.

Coming more down to date expert architects have been called to the stand to testify regarding the drawings or plans submitted by the lessees. At one time the examination of one of these witnesses became so animated that the Court felt called upon to caution an attorney as to his conduct. Judge Barrows is making a careful study of the whole question, and will be thoroughly familiar with the case when the testimony and argument are completed. When the case will come to an end cannot be foretold, as it drags along very slowly.

In Judge Baker's court the trial of one indictment has occupied practically all the time this week. This was the case against Arthur Gregorikas, charged with setting fire to the building at Thames street and Long Wharf, where he conducted the Ideal Lunch. Many witnesses have been called for the prosecution, including police and firemen. Chief Tobin has been on the stand for some time. He testified to making an examination under the floor and finding excelsior, wood carefully piled up, and all saturated with turpentine. The wood was arranged in different places, and the fires had not wholly connected before the flames were extinguished. A witness testified that he had bought turpentine for the defendant, who said that he wanted it to mix paint. Another witness testified that he was hired to take the defendant on the night of the fire in an automobile from the Creek Club to his boarding-house, where two jugs were obtained and taken back to the restaurant. Witness claimed to have examined one of these jugs and found that it contained turpentine.

Conditions in the restaurant have been described by a number of witnesses. According to Chief Tobin the value of the contents at the time of the fire was very small, as he described the small quantity of articles on hand. The defendant was taken to the Police Station and questioned sharply. Many of the questions he answered correctly, but after a time refused to answer and demanded a lawyer.

The defense was started on Thursday afternoon, the case being outlined by Judge Sullivan. He claimed that defendant was in bed at the time of the fire, after playing poker at the Creek Club until a late hour. He denied that the jugs brought from the house contained turpentine, but said they contained wine, and for that reason the defendant had been reluctant to tell the police about them. Witnesses were called for the defense who testified to drinking wine from the jugs. It was further claimed that defendant had intended to renovate the restaurant and for that reason had bought turpentine openly. Some of it had already been mixed with paint.

Considerable activity is already being manifested among the present incumbents of city offices, as well as those who aspire to displace them. The annual election comes on January 1st.

Mr. William T. Reid, for three years headmaster of the Rogers High School, from 1868 to 1871, died at his home in Berkeley, California, on Monday. He was in his eightieth year.

A large number of naval ensigns have been ordered to the Torpedo Station to form the new class in torpedo instruction.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE

The one hundred and seventy-third annual communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., was held on Monday evening, with a large attendance of members and visitors. An excellent dinner was served in the lower hall, members of the Commandery Drill Corps acting as waiters.

R. W. J. Irving Shepley, Seventh District Deputy Grand Master, presided over the election and installed the officers with the assistance of W. Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, Master of Ceremonies. Following the installation, the retiring Master, Chester Staats, was presented with a handsome Past Master's Jewel, by the new Master, Fred W. Johnstone. The Lodge was honored by the presence of Norris G. Abbott of Providence, M. W. Grand Master of Masons of Rhode Island. The new officers of the Lodge are as follows:

Worshipful Master—Fred W. Johnstone.

Senior Warden—William H. Bevan.

Junior Warden—Charles S. Crandall.

Treasurer—Karl Bostel.

Secretary—George H. Kelley.

Chaplain—William B. Scott.

Senior Deacon—Benjamin H. Williams.

Junior Deacon—Edward Stimpson.

Senior Steward—Charles L. Herbert.

Junior Steward—John C. Hass.

Sentinel—J. William Schwarz.

Musician—Edwin H. Barker.

Musical Director—Alister I. MacIver.

Tyler—William Carry.

Directors of Masonic Corporation—William B. Scott and Karl Bostel.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the committee on oil burners for the Rogers High School recommended the installation of four burners from the Hydro-Carbon Burner Company of Newport at a cost of \$3550, and the recommendation was adopted. Similar burners are already used in the City Hall and in the Sheffield School.

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company was given permission to extend their underground conduits in Kay street and in Broadway, as this will remove several of the overhead cables. Work will probably be begun as soon as the weather permits.

A large amount of routine business was transacted, and a protest regarding Sunday selling licenses was received from St. Paul's M. E. Church.

The board of canvassers and registration have completed their task of counting the ballots cast at the city election and have issued the necessary certificates. The only important change made from the wardens' count was in the third ward council ticket, where the canvassers find that Henry G. Riley was elected, and that William F. Ebbitt was not. The result between these two was very close, Riley having 312 votes to 310 for Ebbitt. The ballots were counted twice to make sure of their accuracy.

The naval appropriation bill, which has passed the house, carries an item of \$225,000 for maintenance of the Newport Training Station, the same as last year. As recommended by the appropriation committee the amount was to have been cut by \$50,000, but Congressman Burdick made a strong fight and succeeded in having the amount made the same as at present. The appropriation for training comes from another fund, and there is reason to believe that plenty of money will be available for this purpose.

Mrs. Samuel W. Hall, who died suddenly at her home on Broadway early Monday morning, was a sister of Mrs. Henry I. Chase of Middletown. She is survived by her husband, who is foreman of the upholstery department in the Boston Store, and by two sons, Messrs. Milton and Lloyd W. Hall. Mrs. Hall was stricken with acute indigestion during the night, and died within a few hours. Her husband was in Providence on business at the time.

We are now in the shortest days in the year. The Mercury Almanac reports them to be 9 hours and 6 minutes long, and they will remain so till next Wednesday when they will show an increase of one minute. After that date they will continue to grow longer by slow degrees for the rest of the month. Today the sun rises at 7.11 and sets at 4.17.

Mr. Fred E. Bagley, manager of the box factory on Chapel street, who recently submitted to a serious operation at the Newport Hospital, has returned to his home.

HENRY BISEL

Henry Biesel, one of the oldest active citizens of Newport, died at the Newport Hospital on Saturday night, after a short illness. He was stricken with the fatal disease on the Monday before his death, and had failed steadily, while in the Hospital. He was in his eighty-sixth year.

Mr. Biesel came to this city as a comparatively young man, and in 1876 opened a harness maker's establishment on Thames street, being at first in partnership with the late John McCarthy. He afterward carried on the business alone, and later took his son, Charles Biesel, into partnership under the firm name of Henry Biesel & Son. Some ten years ago another son, Mr. Robert G. Biesel, took over the business and has since conducted it, although Mr. Henry Biesel was in the store, hard at work practically every day. In spite of his advanced years, he had a horror of becoming a burden, and insisted on continuing at work until the last. He made his home with Mr. and Mrs. T. Jefferson Biesel, on Broadway.

He is survived by four sons, Messrs. Charles, Augustus, Robert G. and T. Jefferson Biesel; and two daughters, Mrs. Edward P. Lake and Mrs. W. Charles Woodham. One sister also survives.

PROMPT PAYMENT

The late John J. Peckham was a charter member of Malbone Lodge, New England Order of Protection. In a little more than a week from the time of his death the trustees of the lodge had the pleasure of paying his widow his benefit in full. Mr. Peckham carried a benefit certificate of \$2000 in the Order. Within a brief space of time there have been two deaths in Malbone Lodge, Mr. Peckham and Mr. Ritchie; each carried \$2000 insurance. Each claim was paid within a very few days of the death of the member. Previous to these it has been several years since there was a death in the lodge.

The Kiddies Christmas entertainment to be given in Masonic Hall by Kolah Grotto on Monday afternoon, January 1st, will be under the direction of Dr. C. Edward Farnum. Kolah Band will be on hand to render music while the guests are assembling, and the members of Kolah Patrol will act as ushers. There will be a pleasing programme consisting of readings and movies films. There will be presents for all the children under twelve years of age distributed by Santa Claus from a large tree. Refreshments will be served.

Miss Edith May Tilley of Newport gave a very interesting talk to the International Sunshine Society in Providence last week. She told of the activities of the Hope Branch of Newport. This Branch is not connected with the State Branch, but is directly affiliated with the parent organization. Miss Tilley's address was enthusiastically received and she was given a rising vote of thanks.

J. J. Curran, who runs a small store on Levin street, surprised a negro sailor leaving the store with a package under his arm last Sunday evening. He pursued the man, but lost him. The next day Curran went to the Torpedo Station and identified a man, but before the police could serve a warrant, the man was reported to have made his escape from the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thwaites have signified their intention of becoming permanent residents of Newport by registering in the City Hall, so as to be entitled to vote at the next election. A few weeks ago they purchased the Fearing and Sheldon properties near the Cliffs, and are having extensive changes made.

Rev. Henry N. Jeter, D. D., will soon start South on a prolonged trip in the interest of his movement for the improvement of the condition of the colored race. Last winter Dr. Jeter spent several months in California and other Western sections, and met with pronounced success.

The drive for supporting membership in the Newport County Council of Boy Scouts has been very successful this week. A large number of names have been added, and a considerable sum has been added to the treasury.

Some soft coal has come into Newport this week but hard coal is still rather scarce. Some of the smaller sizes of the hard coal that have been received have proved almost impossible to burn.

MIDDLETOWN

From our regular correspondent)
Probate Court

At the regular session of the Probate Court held at the town hall, on Monday, December 18, 1922, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Lydia B. Chase—An inventory was presented by Clifton B. Ward, surviving Executor, allowed and ordered recorded. The first and final account of Executor was referred to the third Monday in January and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Isaac Barker—The third account of Eliot G. Parkhurst, Administrator, de bonis non, with will annexed, was examined and allowed.

Estate of Laura A. Barker—The third account of Eliot G. Parkhurst, Guardian, was examined, allowed and passed for record.

Estate of Archer Sherman Harrington—An inventory was presented by Albert L. Chase, Receiver, allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Receiver for authority to sell the real estate belonging to Harrington, at the time of his departure from Middletown in November, 1900, was referred to the third Monday in January and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Maria Spooner—The first and final account of William M. Spooner, Administrator, was continued to the third Monday in January.

Estate of Alanson C. Spooner—The first and final account of William M. Spooner, Administrator, was continued to the third Monday in January.

Estate of Lida W. Peckham—The report of the Commissioner appointed to examine and determine disallowed claims was continued to the third Monday in January.

Estate of Leonora W. Brawley—All parties in interest assenting thereto, notice was waived and on the petition of David W. Brawley, George G. Brawley was appointed Administrator and required to give bond in the sum of \$2,500.00, with George B. Coggeshall as surety. Albert L. Chase was appointed appraiser.

Estate of Joshua Coggeshall—The first and final account of William B. Anthony, Administrator, was referred to the third Monday in January, and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of John F. Peabody—The petition of Reston E. Peabody and John F. Peabody, Jr., to prove will and for letters testamentary was referred to the third Monday in January and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

Town Council

Joseph A. Peckham, one of the committee appointed to improve the easterly end of the road running from Paradise Avenue, around by the Hanging Rocks, to Third Beach Road, reported that he had constructed new stone roadbed for a considerable distance. This was accomplished through the aid of private contributions in money received from persons interested and who have frequent occasion to use this road. A sum exceeding \$900.00 had been received.

Julius Durfee of Newport applied for permission to set up a gasoline pump at the Two Mile Corner on the land thrown out from the farm on the north side of the East Main Road to extend the curve. Permission was refused.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows:—Peckham Bros. Co., for crushed stone and use of roller in Hanging Rocks Road, Dist. No. 4, \$1,091.70; Joseph A. Peckham, for repairs to highways in Road Dist. No. 4, \$33.50; John H. Spooner, for work in Road Dist. No. 1, \$36.50; J. N. Dennis, for work on Oliphant Lane, \$15; Kempenaar & Christensen, for stone used in roadbed of Boulevard, \$309; Finniger & Manchester, for wood furnished for Town Hall, \$9.25; Marguerite Elliott, for examining cultures, \$9.00; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at Town Hall, \$5.57; New England Tel. & Tele. Co., for use of 3 telephones \$8.11; Geo. H. Ellis & Sons, for repairs to stove in Town Clerk's office, \$5.60; Louise H. Stewart, for work in Town Clerk's office for four weeks, \$40.00.

Election of Officers of Aquidneck Grange

The annual election of officers of Aquidneck Grange was held at the town hall on Monday evening, in charge of Worthy Master Russell M. Peckham. Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham acted as secretary in the absence of the regular officer. Mrs. Mary Lawton acted as chaplain, Miss Hope Peckham as Ceres, and Mr. Harold Mumford as gate keeper. The election resulted as follows:

Master—Lewis B. Plummer.
Overseer—Lawrence Peckham.
Lecturer—Miss Julia Paquin.
Steward—Gordon Orr.
Assistant Steward—Stewart Purcell.

Chaplain—Rev. A. Stanley Muirhead.
Secretary—Miss Bertha Johnson.
Treasurer—Daniel A. Peckham.
Gatekeeper—Robert Chase.
Flora—Miss Glorine Raynor.
Pomona—Miss Hope Peckham.
Ceres—Mrs. Lewis B. Plummer.
Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Edith Wyatt.

Executive Committee—Fred P. Webber.
Refreshments were served by the Feast Committee, Mrs. John Nicholson and Mrs. Robert Smith, assisted by Misses Bertha Johnson and Alice Stanford and Mr. Lawrence A. Peckham.

At the next regular meeting the lecturer's hour will be in charge of Miss Gladys Peckham.

Miss Helen Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Sherman,

went to the Newport hospital on Tuesday, where she was operated upon for appendicitis. Her older sister, Miss Margaret Sherman, is ill with pneumonia.

Mr. George Smith, who has been spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, has returned to battleship Delaware in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ritchie gave a party in honor of the 10th birthday of their daughter Marjorie on Monday evening. Games were played and refreshments were served.

The Newport County Farm Bureau calls attention to the condition of some clover in a mow of hay in the barn belonging to Mr. William S. Coggeshall, which was sold at auction recently. This clover, which has been in the barn about 30 years, is still sweet and contains most of the leaves.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Bailey, 3d, have given up their apartment in Newport for the winter and will reside in this town.

The meetings of the G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish have been postponed until after the holidays.

Miss Helen Peckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian N. Peckham, is ill at the Newport Hospital with scarlet fever.

The slippery condition of the ground on Sunday and Monday was responsible for a number of minor accidents. One machine going toward Newport turned around of its own free will, at Turner Road, and started home again. The large truck of the Aquidneck Dairy Company, heavily loaded with large cans of milk, started down Honeyman Hill and started to skid. It kept to the center of the road at first and finally turned in a complete circle and went into the gutter, spilling a quantity of milk. A number of people fell, but no broken bones have been reported.

Mr. G. Alvin Simmons, who has been confined to his home by illness, is improving.

Mrs. Annie H. Carter, who has been caring for Mrs. Edward Irish, has returned to her home in Portsmouth.

The annual Christmas tree for the Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was held on Friday evening. An excellent program of music and recitations were given. Refreshments were served. The mid-week prayer meeting was held on Wednesday evening.

Misses Gladys Peckham, Emeline Martin, and Leona Peckham, and Messrs. John Spooner and Hall Webster, of the Rhode Island State College at Kingston, are at their respective homes for the holidays.

An exhibition of the work of the Berkeley and Priscilla Sewing Clubs was given last Saturday at the Berkeley School. Parents and friends were present. Piano and Victrola selections were given and home made candy was on sale. Mrs. James E. Knott, Jr., home demonstration agent, spoke on club work, as did Mr. Alonzo F. Kinney, Jr., of Kingston State College. Mr. Knott gave motion pictures, Misses Mabel Peckham, Pauline Peckham and Belmeda Lewis were presented with achievement badges by Mr. Kinney, which were won by completing five articles and a record being kept.

The Christmas tree of the Sunday Schools of St. Mary's and Holy Cross parishes will be held on Sunday afternoon at St. Mary's Church at 2.30 o'clock. The officers and teachers will meet on Saturday afternoon to decorate the church and tree. Holy Communion will be celebrated on Christmas Day at 9.15 a. m. at the Holy Cross church and at St. Mary's church at 10.30 a. m.

There was a narrow escape from drowning at Easton's Pond on Wednesday, when James Early broke through the ice while gunning. Edward P. Lake, Jr., went to the rescue with a rope and at considerable peril to himself, succeeded in pulling him out. Mr. John H. Greene, Jr., the meantime, the police had been summoned by Mr. John H. Greene, Jr., and they took the victim for treatment from the chill following a considerable stay in the icy water.

The Training Station complement will be rather small over the holidays. A large number of the boys have been given Christmas furloughs to allow them to return to their homes, and in addition there will be some 700 to be sent to sea within the next week. However, the Station is growing every day.

New seats are being installed in the Bijou Theatre and that establishment will probably be opened early next week under Manager Vietri.

A boom for George F. O'Shaunessy for a place on the Superior Court Bench has been started by a number of his friends in Newport.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is planning for a large party at "Oakland Farm" over the New Year holidays.

Miss Jessie Martin has returned from a prolonged stay abroad and is the guest of Mrs. T. Fred Knoll.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Langley will start next week for St. Petersburg, Florida.

The Strength Of The Pines

by
Edison Marshall
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At the death of his foster father, Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him promptly to southern Oregon to meet "Linda."

CHAPTER II.—Bruce has vivid but hazy recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Mrs. Duncan, with his sister, Linda.

CHAPTER III.—At his destination, Bruce finds a message has been sent to him by Linda, revealing the child's disappearance by a man introduced to the reader as "Simon."

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving the trail, Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though he has never been there.

CHAPTER V.—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Martin's crossroads store, for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross's cabin.

CHAPTER VI.—On the way, "Simon" warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

CHAPTER VII.—Mrs. Ross, kind and understanding, welcomes him with eagerness. She believes him on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail."

CHAPTER VIII.—Through a country seemingly familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

CHAPTER IX.—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family, the Rosses. Linda, grieved by the clan were slain from the Rosses, and the family with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His son, the boy Bruce, was kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had died his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confer the property, had been lost.

CHAPTER X.—Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud.

CHAPTER XI.—A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to be endeavoring to convey a message.

CHAPTER XII.—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger.

CHAPTER XIII.—A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of his size and ferocity.

CHAPTER XIV.—Dave Turner, agent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, he knowing its whereabouts.

CHAPTER XV.—Hudson and Dave visit the former's traps. A wolf caught in one, is discovered by the Killer. Disturbed at his feat, the brute strikes down Hudson on his way to Hudson's traps, and wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him.

CHAPTER XVI.—Simon, believing Bruce knows where the document is concealed, lays plans to trap him.

CHAPTER XVII.—Dave decoys Linda and Aunt Elmira from their home. The man insults Linda and is struck down by the aged woman. Elmira's son has been murdered by Dave, and at her command, after securing Linda's desertion, Linda leaves them alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Returning, Bruce finds a note, presumably from Linda, telling him she has been kidnapped by the Turner.

CHAPTER XIX.—Bruce falls into Simon's trap, and is made prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.—Charging Bruce with attempting to reopen the blood-feud, the clan, after a mock trial, decides to leave him bound, in a prison on the spot where the Killer had slain and half eaten a calf the night before. They look for the return of the grizzly and the probable slaying of Bruce by the animal.

CHAPTER XXI.—Bruce, helpless, awaits arrival of the Killer and death.

CHAPTER XXII.—Simon makes Linda an offer of marriage. The girl refuses, telling him she loves Bruce. Enraged, the man brutally strikes her, and leaves. The girl is confident he will go to Bruce, and she follows him.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Her surmise is correct. Simon visiting his helpless enemy, to gloat over him. With the Killer actually sniffing at Bruce's body, Linda, on horseback, arrives, wounds the animal, and carries her lover away.

CHAPTER XXVIII

To Simon, the night had seemingly ended in triumph, after all. It had looked dark for a while. The bolt of lightning, setting fire to the pine, had deranged all of his plans. His men had been thrown from their horses, the blazing pine tree had left them exposed to fire from the house, and they had not yet caught their mounts and rallied. Young Bill and himself, however, had tied their horses before the lightning had struck and had lingered in the thickets in front of the house for just such a chance as had been given them.

He had not understood why Bruce had not opened fire on the fleeing Turners. He wondered if his enemy were out of ammunition. The tragedy of the Sentinel Pine had had no meaning for him; and he had held his rifle cocked and ready for the instant that Bruce had shown himself.

Young Bill had heard his little exultant gasp when Linda and Bruce had come out into the firelight. Plainly they had kept track of all the attacking party that had been visible, and supposed that all their enemies had gone. He felt the movement of Simon's strong arms as he raised the rifle. Those arms were never steadier. In the darkness the younger man could not see his face, but his own fancy pictured it with entire clearness. The eyes were narrowed and red, the lips cut deep about the bloodhounded lips, and mercy was as far from him as from the Killer who hunted on the distant ridge.

But Simon didn't fire at once. The two were coming steadily toward him, and the nearer they were the better his chance of success in the untidy fight. He sat as breathless as wholly

them over his shoulder. He hooked the camp ax on his belt, then hastened into the little kitchen. He took up the little sack containing a few pounds of jerked venison, spilled out a few pieces for Elmira, and carried it— with a few pounds of flour—out to meet Linda. The horse still stood saddled, and with deft hands they tied on their supplies and fastened the blankets in a long roll in front of the saddle.

"Get on," she whispered. "I'll get up behind you."

She spoke in the utter darkness; he felt her breath against his cheek. Then the lightning came dimly and showed him her face.

"No, Linda," he replied quietly. "You are going alone."

She cut him off with a despairing cry. "Oh, please, Bruce—(won't) I'll stay here, then—"

"Don't you see?" he demanded. "You can make it out without me. I'm wounded and bleeding, and can't tell how long I can keep up. We've only got one horse, and without me to weigh him down you can get down to the courts—"

"And leave you here to be murdered? Oh, don't waste the precious seconds any more. I won't go with you. I mean it. If you stay here, I do, too. Believe me if you're believed anything."

"Once more the lightning revealed her face, and on it the determination of a zealot. He knew that she spoke the truth. He climbed with some difficulty into the saddle. A moment more and she swung up behind him.

The entire operation had taken an astonishingly short period of time. Bruce had worked like mad, wholly disregarding his injured arm. Just beyond, Simon's ready rifle was creeping toward the house.

"Which way?" Bruce asked.

"The out-trail—around the mountain," she whispered. "Simon will overtake us on the other—He's got a magnificent horse. On the mountain trail, we'll have a better chance to keep out of his sight."

She spoke hurriedly, yet conveyed her message with entire clearness. They knew what they had to face, these two. Simon and whoever of the clan was with him would lose no time in springing in pursuit. They each had a strong horse, they knew the trails, they carried long-range rifles and would open fire at the first glimpse of the fugitives. Bruce was wounded; slight as the injury was, it would seriously handicap them in such a test as this. Their one chance was to keep to the remote trails, to lurk unseen in the thickets, and try to break through to safety. And they knew that only by the doubtful mercy of the forest gods could they ever succeed.

Linda took the reins and pulled out of the trail, then encircled a heavy wall of brush. She did not wish to take the risk of Simon seeing their forms in the dimming lightning and opening fire so soon. Then she turned back into the trail and headed into the storm.

Simon had clear enough memory of the rifle fire that Linda had opened upon the clan to wish to approach the house with care. It would be wholly typical of the girl to lay her lover on his bed, then go back to the window to wait for a sight of his assassin. She could look straight along a rifle barrel! A few moments were lost as Young Bill and himself encircled the thickets, keeping out of the gleam of the smoldering fire. Its light was almost gone; it hissed and glowed in the wet snow.

They crept up from the shadow, and holding their rifles ready, opened the door. They were somewhat surprised to find it unlocked. The truth was it had been left thus by design; Linda did not wish them to encircle the house to the rear door and discover Bruce and herself in the act of departure. The room was in darkness, and the two intruders rather expected to find Bruce's body on the threshold.

These were mountain men; and they had been in rifle duels before. They had the sure instincts of the beasts of prey in the hills without, and among other things they knew it wasn't wise to stand long in an open doorway with the firelight of the ruined pine behind them.

They slipped quickly into the darkness. Then they stopped and listened. The room was deeply silent. They couldn't hear the sound that both of them had so confidently expected—the faint breathing of a dying man. Simon struck a match. The room was quite deserted.

"What's up?" Bill demanded.

Simon turned toward him with a scowl, and the match flickered and burned out in his fingers. "Keep your rifle ready. He may be hiding somewhere—still able to shoot."



It Was Old Elmira, Cold and Sinister as a Rattler in Its Lair.

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They stole to the door of Linda's room and listened. Then they threw it wide.

"One of their foes was in this room—an implacable foe whose eyes were glittering and strange in the match-light. But it was neither Bruce nor Linda. It was old Elmira, cold and sinister as a rattler in its lair. Simon cursed her and hurried on.

Holding his rifle like a club, he swung through into Bruce's room, lighted another match, then darted into the kitchen. In the dim match-light the truth went home to him.

He turned, eyes glittering. "They're gone—on Dave's horse," he said. "Thank God, they've only got one horse between 'em and can't go fast. You ride like hell up the trail toward the store—they might have gone that way. Keep close watch and shoot when you can make 'em out."

"You mean—?" Bill's eyes widened.

"Mean? I mean do as I say. Shoot by sound, if you can't see 'em, and don't lose another second or I'll shoot you; top. Aim for the man if a chance offers—but, shoot, anyway. Don't stop hunting till you find them. They'll duck off in the brush, sure. If they get through, everything's lost. I'll take the trail around the mountain."

They raced to their horses, snatched them, and mounted swiftly. The darkness swallowed them at once.

CHAPTER XXIX

In the depth of gloom even the wild folk—usually keeping so close a watch on those that move on the shadowed trails—did not see Linda and Bruce ride past.

The darkness is usually their time of dominance, but tonight most of them had yielded to the storm and the snow. They hovered in their covert. What movement there was among them was mostly toward the foothills; for the message had gone forth over the wilderness that the cold had come to stay.

The little, gnawing folk, emerging for another night's work at filling their larders with food, crept down into the scarcely less impenetrable darkness of their underground burrows. Even the bears, whose furry coats were impervious to any ordinary cold, felt the beginnings of the cold-trance, creeping over them. They were remembering the security and warmth of their last winter's dens, and they began to long for them again.

The horse walked slowly, head near the ground. The girl made no effort to guide him. The lightning had all but ceased; and in an instant it had become apparent that only by trusting to the animal's instinct could the trail be kept at all; almost at once all sense of direction was lost to them. The snow and the darkness obscured the outline of the ridges against the sky; the trail was wholly invisible beneath them.

After the first hundred yards they had no way of knowing that the horse was actually on the trail. While animals in the light of day cannot see nearly so far or interpret nearly so clearly as human beings, they usually seem to make their way much better at night. Many a frontiersman has been saved from death by realization of this fact; and, bewildered by the ridges, has permitted his dog to lead him into camp. But nature has never devised a creature that can see in the utter darkness, and the gloom that unfolded them now seemed simply unfathomable. Bruce found it increasingly hard to believe that the horse's eyes could make out any kind of dim pathway in the pine needles. The feeling grew on him and on Linda as well, that they were lost and aimlessly wandering in the storm.

Of all the sensations that the wilderness can afford, there are few more dreadful to the spirit than this. It is never pleasant to lose one's bearings; and in the night and the cold and miles from any friendly habitation it is particularly hard to bear. Bruce felt the age-old menace of the wilderness as never before. It always seemed to be crouching, waiting to take a man at a disadvantage; and like the gods that first made mad those whom they would destroy, it doesn't quite play fair. He understood now certain wilderness tragedies of which he had heard; how tenderfoot—lost among the ridges—had broken into a wild run that had ended nowhere except in exhaustion and death.

Bruce himself felt a wild desire to lash his horse into a gallop, but he forced it back with all his powers of will. His calmer, saner self explained that folly with entire clearness. It would mean panic for the horse, and then a quick and certain death, either at the foot of a precipice or from a blow from a low-hanging limb. The horse seemed to be feeling its way, rather than seeing.

They were strange, lonely figures in the darkness; and for a long time they rode almost in silence. Then Bruce felt the girl's breath as she whispered.

"Bruce," she said. "Let's be brave and look this matter in the face. Do you think we've got a chance?"

He rode a long time before he answered. He groped desperately for a word that might bring her cheer, but it was hard to find. The cold seemed to deepen about them, the remorseless snow beat into his face.

"Linda," he replied, "it is one of the mercies of this world for men all ways to think that they've got a chance. Maybe it's only a cruelty in our case."

"I think I ought to tell you something else. I haven't the least way of knowing whether we are on the right trail."

"I've just been thinking. I don't know how many forks it has. We might have already got on a wrong one. Perhaps the horse is turned about and is heading back home—toward Simon's stables."

She spoke dully, and he thrust his arm back to her. "Linda, try to be brave," he urged. "We can only take a chance."

The whole issue was clear in his mind at once. The cold had deepened

The horse plodded a few more steps. "Brave! To think that it is you that has to encourage me—in stead of my trying to keep up your spirits. I will try to be brave, Bruce. And if we don't live through the night, my last remembrance will be of your bravery—how you, injured and weak from loss of blood, still remembered to give a cheery word to me."

"I'm not badly injured," he told her gently. "And there are certain things that have come clear to me lately. One of them is that except for you—throwing your own precious body between—I wouldn't be here at all."

The feeling that they had lost the trail grew upon them. Once they halted to adjust the blankets on the saddle, and they listened for any sounds that might indicate that Simon was overtaking them. But all they heard was the soft rustle of the leaves under the wind-blown snow.

"Linda," he asked suddenly. "Does it seem to you to be awfully cold?" She waited a long time before she spoke. "This was not the hour to make quick answers. On any decision might rest their success or failure."

"I believe I can stand it a while longer," she answered at last.

But she didn't think she'd better try to. "It's getting cold. Every hour it's colder, and I seem to be getting weaker. It isn't a real wound, Linda—but it seems to have knocked some of my vitality out of me, and I'm dreadfully in need of rest. I think we'd better try to make a camp."

"And go on by morning light?"

"Yes."

"But Simon might overtake us then."

"We must stay out of sight of the trail. But somehow—I can't help but hope he won't try to follow us on such a night as this."

He drew up the horse, and they sat in the midst of the snow. "Don't make any mistake about that, Bruce," she told him. "Remember that unless he overtakes us before we come into the protection of the courts, his whole fight is lost. It doesn't alone mean loss of the estate—for which he would risk his life just as he has a dozen times. It means defeat—a thing that would come hard to Simon. Besides, he's got a fire within him that will keep him warm."

"You mean—hatred?"

"Hated. Nothing else."

"But in spite of it we must make camp. We'll get off the trail—if we're still on it—and try to slip through tomorrow. You see what's going to happen if we keep on going this way?"

"I know that I feel a queer dread—and hopelessness."

"And that dread and hopelessness are just as much danger signals as the sound of Simon's horse behind us. It means that the cold and the snow and the fear are getting the better of us. Linda, it's a race with death. Don't misunderstand me or disbelieve me. It isn't Simon alone now. It's the cold and the snow and the fear. The thing to do is to make camp, keep as warm as we can in our blankets, and push on in the morning. It's two full days' ride, going fast, the best we can go—and God knows what will happen before the end."

"Then turn off the trail, Bruce," the girl told him.

"I don't know that we're even on the trail."

"Turn off, anyway. As long as we stay together—it doesn't matter."

She spoke very quietly. Then he felt a strange thing. A warmth which even that growing, terrible cold could not transcend swept over him. For her arms had crept out under his arms and encircled his great breast, then pressed with all her gentle strength.

No word of encouragement, no cheery expression of hope could have meant so much. Not defeat, not even the long darkness of death itself could appall him now. All that he had given and suffered and endured, all the mighty effort that he had made had in an instant been shown in its true light, a thing worth while, a sacrifice atoned for and redeemed.

They headed off into the thickets, blindly, letting the horse choose the way. They felt him turn to avoid some object in his path—evidently a fallen tree—and they mounted a slight ridge or rise. Then they felt the wet touch of fir branches against their cheeks.

Bruce stopped the horse and both dismounted. Both of them knew that under the drooping limbs of the tree they would find, at least until the snows deepened, comparative shelter from the storm. Here, rolled in their blankets, they might pass the remainder of the night hours.

Bruce tied the horse, and the girl unrolled the blankets. But she did not lay them together to make a rude bed—and the dictates of conventionality had nothing whatever to do with it. If one lot more warmth could have been achieved by it, these two would have lain side by side through the night hours between the same blankets. She knew, however, that more warmth could be achieved if each of them took a blanket and rolled up in it; thus they would get two thicknesses instead of one and no openings to admit the freezing air. When this was done they lay side by side, economizing the last atom of warmth.

The night hours were dreary and long. The rain beat into the limbs above them, and sometimes it sifted through. At the first gray of dawn Bruce opened his eyes.

His dreams had been troubled and strange, but the reality to which he awakened gave him no sense of relief. He fought a little battle, lying there under the snow-covered limbs of the fir tree. Because it was one in which no blows were exchanged, no shots fired, and no muscles called into action, it was no less a battle, trying and stern. It was a fight waged in his own spirit, and it seemed to rend him in twain.

At the whole issue was clear in his mind at once. The cold had deepened

to these hours of dawn, and he was slowly, steadily freezing to death. Even now the blood flowed less swiftly in his veins. Death itself, in the moment, had lost all horror for him; rather it was a thing of peace, of ease. All he had to do was to lie still. Just close his eyes—and soft shadows would drop over him.

They would drop over Linda, too. She lay still beside him; perhaps they had already fallen. The war he had waged so long and so relentlessly would end in blissful calm. Outside there was only snow and cold and



At the First Gray of Dawn Bruce Opened His Eyes.

wracking limbs and pain, only further conflict with tireless enemies, only struggle to tear his agonized body to pieces, and the bitterness of defeat in the end. He saw his chances plain as he lay beneath that gray sky. Even now, perhaps, Simon was upon them. Only two little rifle shells remained with which to combat him, and he doubted that his wounded arm would hold the rifle steady. There were weary, lumbering miles between them and any shelter, and only the terrible, trackless forest lay between.

Then why not lie still and let the curtains fall? This was an easy, tranquil passing, and heaven alone knew what dreadful mode of agony would be his if he rose to battle further. All the argument seemed on one side.

But high and bright above all this burned the indomitable flame of his spirit. To rise, to fight, to struggle on. Never to yield until the Power above decreed! To stand firm, even as the pines themselves. The dominant greatness that Linda had found in this man rose in him, and he set his muscles like iron.

He shook off the mists of the frost in his brain. Quickly he knelt by Linda and shook her shoulders in his hands. "She opened her eyes."

"Get up, Linda," he said gently. "We have to go on."

She started to object, but a message in his eyes kept her from it. His own spirit went into her. He helped her to her feet.

"Help me roll the blankets," he commanded, "and take out enough food for breakfast. We can't stop to eat it here. I think we're in sight of the main trail; whether we can find it—in the snow—I don't know. We must get further into the thickets before we stop to eat."

They were strange figures in the snow flurries as they went to work to roll the blankets into a compact bundle. The food she had taken from their stores for breakfast he threw into the pocket of his coat; the rest, with the blankets, she tied swiftly on the horse. They unfastened the animal and for a moment she stood holding the reins while Bruce crept back on the hillside to look for the trail.

The snow swept round them, and they felt the lowering menace of the cold. And at that instant those dread spirits that rule the wilderness, jealous then and jealous still of the intrusion of man, dealt them a final, deadly blow.

His weapon was just a sound—a loud crash in a distant thicket—and a pungent message on the wind that their human senses were too blunt to receive. The horse suddenly snorted loudly, then reared up. Bruce saw as in a tragic dream the girl struggle to hold him; he saw her pulled down into the snow and the rein jerked from her hand. Then the animal plunged, wheeled and raced at top speed away into the snow flurries. Some terror that as yet they could not name had broken their control of him and in an instant taken from them this one last hope of safety.

CHAPTER XXX

Bruce walked over to Linda, waiting in the snow on her knees. It was not an intentional posture. She had been jerked down by the plunging horse, and she had not yet completely risen. But the sight of her slight figure, her raised white face, her clasped hands, and the remorseless snow of the wilderness about her moved Bruce to his depths.

He saw her but dimly in the snow flurries, and she looked as if she were in an attitude of prayer.

He came rather slowly, and he even smiled a little. And she gave him a wan, strange little smile in return.

"We're down to cases at last," he said, with a rather startling quietness of tone. "You see what it means?"

She nodded, then got to her feet. "We can walk out, if we are let alone and given time; it isn't that we are obliged to have the horse. But our blankets are on its back, and this storm is steadily becoming a blizzard. And you see—time is one thing that we don't have. No human being can stand this cold for long unprotected."

"And we can't keep going—keep"

Continued on Page 3

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Washington reports 48,000,000 acres of wheat down this fall, the condition of which is reported above the average at the present time. The acreage of rye is reported as 5,603,000.

Counterfeit fifty dollar bills are said to be in the market, and the public is cautioned to be on the lookout and not get stuck with them. The matter will not interest most of us to any great degree.

The Boston & Albany Railroad is going to build a four million dollar depot in Springfield, Mass. It is to be completed inside of three years. Wonder if the New Haven Road could not take the hint and commence that long-talked-of depot for Newport.

If the indebtedness of all the cities of the country, of all the states of the Union, and of the United States could all be compiled in one sum, the result would be truly appalling. And the worst feature of the whole thing is those debts in most instances are constantly on the increase.

Out in Ohio they have a woman judge. She was elected at the November election an associate justice of the supreme court of the state. She is the first woman in the world to sit as a judge in such a court. It probably will not be many years before women go fifty-fifty with the men in all the offices of the country.

The Navy bill passed the House of Representatives this week, carrying an appropriation of \$25 millions. It provides for a navy of \$6,000 men. It carries with it an appropriation of \$225,000 for the Newport Training Station, which is the same as last year. The bill substantially as passed the House will doubtless be concurred in by the Senate.

The burden of taxation, national, state and local, is onerous. That the national tax demands should now be as high or higher than in war time is little short of criminal. There are many movements and causes, desirable in themselves, but no rightful concern of the national government. It should sharply retrench, as should the states, cities and towns.

The ex-Kaiser, since he has discovered that he cannot conquer the world, is going to convert it to his kind of theology. He has turned preacher and preaches to his household every Sunday, so reports say. He evidently has his own kind of theology, for he regards the Bible as chiefly a Jewish history, and is apparently still of the belief that "Me and Gott" could write a better book.

The average cost of living in the past ten months has increased 4.19 per cent. Some lines of food have increased much more than others. For instance, the report says the cost of lamb has increased 41.7 per cent, sugar 30 per cent, pork and steak 10.8 per cent, many other articles of food in smaller degree. It seems to be much easier to boost prices than it is to lower them.

Ford, in the past eleven months, has turned out 1,121,443 fivers, which is the greatest eleven months record of the great fiver manufacturer. This is a little more than 4000 cars a day for each working day in the past eleven months. In some parts of the world, we used to be told, that beggars pursued their trade on horseback. They could do better than that now by taking a fiver.

A Constitutional Convention, which some people in this state seem to desire, is called by some of the leading men of New Hampshire "An Expensive Nuisance." The convention has submitted many things for the people's adoption, but the people have thought otherwise. The Lebanon Free Press says of the convention: "The best thing it could have done would have been to meet, organize, and dissolve. It has been a very expensive nuisance in New Hampshire." Rhode Island will do well to take a lesson from New Hampshire.

They are still lynching negroes in the South. A negro was slaughtered in a town in Texas a few days ago for an alleged attack on a white woman. The evidence against him was of the flimsiest kind. The woman herself was not sure he was guilty, but that made no difference. When a Southern mob gets after a negro the guilt or innocence of a victim does not enter into the consideration. The mob wants a victim and it is going to have one. The authorities look on complacently and let the outrage be consummated. In this case the negro was shot and the negro hotel was burned to complete the entertainment. No wonder the South is deeply opposed to the anti-lynching law now before Congress. It would deprive the whites of half their fun.

WHAT WILL THE END BE?

The State's salary roll is mounting with lightning rapidity. Last year it amounted to over eight hundred thousand dollars, which is more than six times what it was twenty years ago. The pay and mileage of the members of the General Assembly last year was, in round figures, eighty thousand dollars. Twenty years ago it was less than six thousand dollars. Then the members draw one dollar a day for their services and mileage once a term. Now they draw three hundred dollars for the session and mileage every day, which amounts, in many cases, to more than the salary. Then the Governor had a salary of one thousand a year, now it is eight thousand. The salary of every state official has been doubled in the last few years, and in many cases it has been trebled. The number of commissions has been increased ten-fold, necessitating a corresponding increase of clerks and other employees. It would seem to be about time to call a halt. But the condition in this state is but a fair sample of what it is everywhere. On a smaller scale we have the same condition in this city. Under the present city charter the expense of governing the city is more than three times what it was ten years ago. The salary of every official has been many times increased. Then the Mayor's salary was \$500 a year, now it is \$2,500; the board of aldermen served without pay, now they hold down \$1,000 each. But it is useless to enumerate, the city, the state and nation will go on adding to the expense of government just the same.

The chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee is still in the air. A committee of ten was appointed some days ago to select a chairman. Joseph P. Burlingame, who has been chairman for several years declined a re-election. Mr. Edward A. Brown, of Middletown and Newport, was made chairman of that committee, and he was prominently mentioned for general chairman, but this honor he declines. A number of prominent politicians have been mentioned. Among the number are Richard W. Jennings, the present general treasurer, and Judge James E. Dooley, late candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

The U. S. Senate have reported Fort Mansfield in Rhode Island as one of the useless forts and recommends that it be sold. There was a talk some time ago that Fort Greene in this city was to be included in this list, but it is now understood that the Government will not dispose of it. The proper thing for the Government to do would be to cede it to the city of Newport.

They have got so now that they serve their liquor at Boston banquets in "nursing bottles". One thousand guests at a hotel in that city the other night had their liquid refreshments served in half-pint nursing bottles. Anybody that will drink the vile concoction served as whiskey or other intoxicants has the capacity for nursing bottles only.

The Cape Cod Canal purchase by the general government is coming up again in Congress. The bill has lain buried in committee for a long time. Gov. Cox of Massachusetts, Senator Lodge, Secretary Weeks and others have interviewed President Harding to get his active cooperation in favor of the passage of the bill for its purchase.

The Republican members of the General Assembly will hold their caucuses next week to nominate candidates for speaker and president of the senate. For this latter position it is understood that Senator Arthur A. Sherman, of Portsmouth, is booked. The steering committees of the two bodies will be selected at this caucus.

The Providence Lying-In Hospital fund, which the people of that city have been engaged in raising for the past ten days, amounts at the grand wind-up to \$978,736.62, which overlaps the goal by something over \$128,000. The largest individual subscription was \$25,000 by Miss Rosa Grosvenor.

A tale of woe comes from the farmers of the far west. The statement is made that ninety per cent are bankrupt, and unless financial aid is extended at once they will be driven off their farms within a year by poverty. Many of these bankrupt farmers are foreigners.

The managers of the Grand Trunk Railroad propose to sell all their lines in the United States and do business only in Canada and the Provinces. It looks as though all hope of the line being built to Providence was gone.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Helen Louise Hamblin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hamblin, Jr., and Mr. William Irving Shepley, son of Mr. J. Irving Shepley.

Out in a town in western New York they have a jail for sale. Since prohibition came in they have had no use for it, and it is now on the market for five dollars and no takers.

THE GOVERNORS AND PROHIBITION

The governors of fourteen states met with President Harding on Monday for an informal discussion of the Volstead Act and the manner of its enforcement in their states. Massachusetts and Vermont were the only New England states represented. The reports from most of the states were pronounced encouraging. The governor of Maryland is reported to have taken strong opposition to the law. He is reported to have said that the Volstead Act is impossible of enforcement in his state. "Our people in the main," he said, "regard it as an unnecessary and drastic Federal infringement of their state and personal rights." He further went on to say "The lack of respect for law and actual lawlessness which have resulted is deplorable. The only remedy I see is to recognize that the Volstead Act is destructive of the rights of states and to turn the whole question back to the states, so that each may settle it according to the will of the people."

If that were done the prohibitory law might as well be repealed, for its enforcement would be a farce in many states. Long before the passage of the Volstead Act most of the Southern states had drastic prohibitory laws on their statute books, but no one ever heard of a white man being refused his intoxicants in any of those states. The common slogan there was "Prohibition is for niggers."

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO OLD TIME FRIENDS

The Mercury sends Christmas Greetings to its many thousands of Old Time Friends:

The Old Time scenes of Old Time days,
The Old Time joys and games and plays!
Ahl how their Memories merge and blend
In one dear thought—the Old Time Friend!

The Old Time Friend! Whose word and smile
Off cheered us onward, mile on mile;
Who when we fell would kindly bend
And lift us up—the Old Time Friend!

Ahl Spring may pass and Summer go,
And Autumn come and Winter snow,
But Life is Love, and so we send
These lines to all our Old Time Friends.

POPCORN BURST BARN

The barn on Elbert Thayer's ten-acre farm, five miles from Danbury, Conn., took fire last night. One hundred bushels of shelled popcorn were stored therein.

The Thayer family were awakened by a loud and peculiar crackling sound. The small door near the top of the barn flew open and a snow-white mass commenced pouring out. "It's the popcorn," shouted Thayer in despair.

GREETINGS TO YOU

Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
A jolly old soul like me,
But his Christmas list never bothered him
Because he was rich, you see.

But if Old King Cole were here today
I'll bet he would scratch his head,
And in place of jewels and automobiles
He'd send you a card instead.

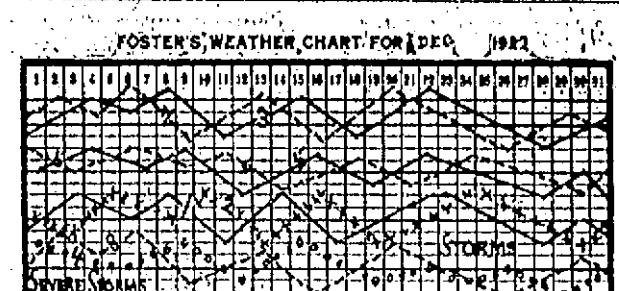
A RICH NEWSPAPER

The capital stock of the Providence Journal Company has been increased from \$126,000 to \$1,512,000. Even at that valuation the stock is worth a good deal above par. The Journal is without doubt the best paying newspaper property in New England.

Senator Gerry, as usual, will provide a Christmas dinner for some two thousand hungry children of Providence, on Monday. The dinner will be served in Infantry Hall, and it is expected to be filled to overflowing, for the youngsters of that city will not need a second invitation to be on hand bright and early.

Deaths.

In this city, 15th inst., Mary, wife of John Anthony, in her 75th year.
In this city, 15th inst., Henry Blesed, in his 66th year.
Suddenly, in this city, 15th inst., Jane Griswold, wife of Samuel W. Hall in her 71st year.
In this city, 15th inst., Bridget Fitzgibbon.
In Providence, R. I., 15th inst., Rebecca C. wife of Edgar Z. Nickerson, and daughter of Mrs. John Lynde and Captain Henry D. Scott.
In Portsmouth, R. I., 16th inst., Andrew A. Chase, in his 81st year.
At Andover, Mass., 16th inst., Mabel Ray Barker (formerly of Newport, R. I.)



STRENGTH, heavy, bold-lined lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of some days of the year for any year. Dashed lines above normal lines mean warmer (below, cooler) than normal. For section 1, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 2, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 3, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 4, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 5, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 6, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 7, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 8, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 9, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; for section 10, on my section map 1 for east of latitude 47, north of latitude 47-3, between meridians 90 and 100; 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CAPTAIN ANDREWS

Appointed Commander of
the President's Yacht

Captain Andrews, U. S. Navy, who has been appointed commander of the presidential yacht Mayflower, succeeding Commander H. B. Holman. Captain Andrews also becomes aide at the White House.

MOONSHINER KILLED,
THIRD RAIDER SLAINAgents in a Kentucky Battle End
Career of Bob Ballard,
Leader of the Gang.

Lexington, Ky.—In a battle fought in a cabin in the mountains of Monroe County, Bob Ballard, leader of a gang of moonshiners, and Guy Cole, a Federal prohibition agent, were killed. The battle was the outcome of the killing the week before of Federal Agent Robert Duffy and of Deputy David Trendway.

Twenty prohibition agents surrounded the cabin in which the outlaws had taken refuge. Cole walked toward the front of the house, with his rifle ready. Suddenly there came a flare of shots and Cole fell, his body falling near the front door. The door flew open, hands of unseen men reached out and dragged the dead officer inside.

The Federal agents then began to close in and the rifles were splitting on both sides. A man, thought to be Charles Ballard, dashed out of the house and into the woods, where it is believed he had a horse waiting. Several shots were fired at him, and a late report says he was wounded in the shoulder and leg.

The Federal officers continued their fire until bullets ceased to come from the house. Then they rushed the place and burst in the door. Bob Ballard and Cole were lying side by side just inside the building. Cole had been shot several times; Ballard had been shot through the head.

State Prohibition Director Samuel Collins at Lexington was not satisfied and sent a large number of officers as reinforcements. Bloodhounds were found sixty miles away and were taken to the scene in an automobile. The dogs will be used to run down Charles Ballard.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

PARIS.—French Minister of Marines tells Deputies reawakening of German naval power compels France to adopt new program of building.

LAUSANNE.—Turks lift embargo on departure of Christians from Anatolia. Christian minorities guaranteed same rights and protection as Turks in Ottoman territory. Russia denounces league.

BERLIN.—Germany will ask for the removal of armies of occupation as one of the prerequisites of stabilization of Germany's finances and restoration of Germany's capacity to meet her reparation obligations.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.—Governors' convention closes with spirited discussion of Ku-Klux Klan.

MEXICO CITY.—Union labor leaders of Mexico announced a militant campaign against the Fascists, whom they accuse of fomenting a religious war. The Fascists say they will have a million members by June.

CINCINNATI.—The National Council and department commanders of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, in session here, unanimously adopted a resolution endorsing the sales tax as a means of raising revenues to finance a Soldiers' Bonus bill.

HERRIN, Ill.—Witness in mine murder trial tells of seeing one of the union defendants urging mob to kill captive strike breakers.

LONDON.—British highly optimistic of European future as result of Harvey's coming trip to Washington and reports of American aid.

PARIS.—The Chamber of Deputies, after listening to Premier Poincaré's declaration of policy, his discreet narration of what the Premier did and did not do at London, and engaging in a long debate, expressed its confidence in the Government by a vote of 512 to 76.

An appropriation of \$5000 from the Hartley Corporation for research in psychiatric work among children of Connecticut having mental or conduct disorders was accepted by the Connecticut Humana Society. The appropriation will be used for the establishment of the Helen Jenkins juvenile court clinic in the juvenile court building, Hartford.

BRITISH DEPART;
IRISH CELEBRATEThousands Line Streets and
Crowd Quays as Last Bat-
talions Leave for England.

MULCAHY SALUTES COLORS

English Lower Flag in Ireland for the
First Time in Centuries and Free
State Tricolor Goes Up—No
Disorder Marks Change.

Dublin.—Through streets lined by thousands of citizens of all classes the last of the British troops in Ireland marched through Dublin and sailed away. By nightfall not a single English soldier remained in southern Ireland. Never has the city watched such a spectacle, and the people of Dublin gave free rein to their emotions as the columns swung by, each regiment preceded by its band and colors.

"Positively wonderful," remarked Colonel Commandant Tanner, the officer in charge, as he surveyed the enormous crowd surging around the dock gates to catch a final glimpse. "We knew there was cordiality toward us, but did not suspect it to this extent."

The departing battalions were the Leicestershires, Worcestershires, the Tank Corps, the Border Regiment and the Wiltshires. As the latter evacuated the royal barracks the incoming Free State garrison lined up and presented arms, while General Mulcahy, backed by his officers, stood at salute.

On the quays opposite Guinness's brewery General Sir Nevill Macready received the final salute, and when the last file had passed he shook hands and bade farewell to the members of his staff. In this simple manner the old Irish headquarters dispersed.

At this point the crowd was growing very large in volume and pressed close to the troops. Women dabbed at their eyes with handkerchiefs. Some dashed forward and impulsively hugged men in the ranks. Once two men—old soldiers, these—broke through and reverently kissed the colors of the Leicestershires.

Companies of the Dublin Legion were gathered at intervals and fell into line to march with the column to the transports. They had their hand with them and one of its closing acts was to play "Auld Lang Syne" at the docks. So dense was the throng that the police were powerless to stem the surge, and several times the gates were rushed by the enthusiastic mobs. Staff officers were brushed to and fro, women were knocked down, and a few of the soldiers themselves fell beneath the weight of humanity which piled about them.

The battalions were able to progress with difficulty and dribbled in in single file. The armored cars placed at the entrance to keep the avenue clear were stormed by men and girls and the crews good-naturedly permitted them to remain. From the turret of one car a youth led the singing of the British national anthem, which was followed by a hurricane burst of cheering. Isolated cars of National troops, jammed in the living mass of sightseers, were powerless to make headway and the men in them looked on with broad grin.

By early afternoon the troops were all embarked, and transports, swinging out into the tideway and conveyed by destroyers, dropped down the stream and were swallowed up in the mists. To the end knots of people stood straining their eyes into the fog, although the outlines of the vessels were then but blurred shapes.

The last of the officers to embark was a captain, who, having completed the shipping arrangements, formally banded over the butments on the wharf to a Free State officer.

After the departure of the British forces General Mulcahy addressed the Irish troops at the Royal Barracks on the "lesson" of transformation. He spoke in Irish Gaelic, reminding the soldiers that for centuries the positions just evacuated had been held by "enemies of the Irish nation." He added that the lesson of this transformation was emphasized by his addressing them in the language of the Gael.

Then, reverting to English, General Mulcahy said the occupation of the barracks in the future world of necessity be very different in manner and spirit from the occupation of the past. Complimenting the troops on their smart appearance, the minister said the army Ireland had constituted would be utilized for the defense of the country. The soldiers would have to go back to work in an ordinary way among the people. The courage, discipline and love of order they had learned in the army should prepare them to take their places industrially among the people as useful citizens.

BIG BROKERAGE FAILURE

Liabilities Estimated at \$6,000,000 to
\$15,000,000.

New York.—Boston, Fitch & Co., Stock brokers of Kansas City, failed for an amount estimated from \$6,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Suspension of the firm for failure to meet its obligations was announced from the rostrum of the New York Stock Exchange. The firm, which carried the accounts of some of the wealthiest Western oil operators, was the largest stock brokerage firm in the Middle West.

Possibly time is no object with owners of the A. & W. Ogilvie, a coasting schooner confessing to be on the shady side of 50. Anyway, she arrived in Boston, having occupied 33 days on the way from Parrsboro, N. S., a passage frequently made in 45 or 52 hours with wind fair and strong.

MISS CALLA WILLIAMS

Offers Herself in Marriage
to Get Home for Mother

More a mere girl, slender, smiling, loving, brunette, twenty-seven years of age, who would tell herself into marriage for \$5,000 in order to provide a home for her mother. Her name is Miss Calla Williams of San Francisco, and the man who pays the \$5,000 will find her a dutiful wife. She asks that he be American-born, under 35, and of good character and habits.

HARDING DETERMINES
TO AID EUROPEPresident Declared Ready to
Dely All Opponents in Effort to
Prevent World Chaos.

Washington.—Plans for the move America is to make in the hope of restoring normal conditions in Europe are progressing rapidly, but behind a veil held as tightly as President Harding and Secretary Hughes can draw it.

International affairs cannot be adjusted on the stage, an Administration spokesman said at the White House just after a Cabinet meeting which for more than two hours discussed the European situation.

One phase of the Cabinet discussion of the international problem, however, was brought right out from behind the curtain by the White House spokesman. It is that the Harding Administration has not the slightest desire to avoid the responsibility of exerting its influence in helping Europe to its feet. The injection of the United States into the European situation, the White House spokesman asserted, could not be averted if every man, woman and child in this country were "irreconcilables."

Whatever may be the developments, it is assured that President Harding has taken an attitude of defiance against the element in the Senate which would build a wall around the United States and maintain an impenetrable policy of isolation. On this position the President now is very firm. He indicated again in the Cabinet meeting that nothing can shake him from this determination.

The President and his advisers believe, despite what opinions there may be to the contrary, that there is no choice but for America to do everything in its power to aid in the European situation.

Colonel Harvey also is expected to have some keen observations of his own as to the possibility of success or failure which would attend such a move.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Washington views French and British insistence on consideration of inter-allied debts along with reparations as stumbling block to President Harding's proposed economic conference.

Senator Brookhart of Iowa introduces bill for parental court in District of Columbia to save children from stigma of criminal prosecution. Fifteen Governors hold four-hour preliminary prohibition discussion with President Harding. Ritchie of Virginia bitterly assails dry law. No concrete enforcement policy emerges.

Retail cost of food in November gains 2 per cent, Department of Labor reports.

President Harding has sounded Senators on the advisability of calling a conference to aid Europe in its economic crisis. Germany included in proposed pact of powers.

Associate Justice Pitney of the Supreme Court sent his resignation to President Harding to take effect January 1. Justice Pitney has been ill for several months and is permitted to retire with full pay by special act of Congress, recently approved by the President.

Harding invites Governors of the states to luncheon for discussion of prohibition problem.

Norris bill for \$100,000,000 Government corporation for farm products purchase favorably reported to Senate.

Two similar protests were filed with Vice President Coolidge challenging the validity of the re-election of Senator Lodge in Massachusetts on November 7 last. The action was taken by C. W. Crocker, a lawyer of Boston, who objects to Senator Lodge resuming his seat after having been elected.

A big buck, wounded so badly in the nose during the deer hunting season last month that he had not been able to eat since, was found standing in a brook in the wilderness between East Dover and South Newfane, Vt., and following a rescue by two men, died from starvation.

BANDITS ROB
DENVER MINTKill Guard, Fight Battle With
Federal Force, Seize \$200,-
000 in Cash, Escape.

ALL WITHIN FIVE MINUTES

Robber Chief Wounded as Car Speeds
Away and His Shotgun Is the Only
Clue—Entire Amount in \$5 Bills
—Numbers Are Recorded.

Denver.—Masked bandits with sawed off shotguns fatally wounded Charles Linton, guard of the Denver branch of the Kansas City Federal Reserve Bank, stole \$200,000 in currency of \$5 denomination at the doorstep of the Government mint and escaped.

The robbery took place in less than a minute. Every highway in the State is being watched and police and Federal authorities have sent armed squads in pursuit of an automobile occupied by seven men seen speeding northward soon after the robbery. One of the men was bleeding.

The robbery occurred while the money was being transferred from the mint to a Federal Reserve delivery truck. Fifty packages of currency of \$1,000 each were seized by the robbers.

Denver police said the holdup was the largest and the most sensational ever made in Colorado. Two bandits bombarded the front door of the mint with their guns as they leaped from their automobile. Fifty Government employees rushed to the doors or windows of the mint with shotguns and shot at the holdup men, who returned the fire as they loaded the packages of currency into their own car.

The robbers drove up in their car as four members of the Federal Reserve Bank crew employed in the transfer of the funds, J. E. Olson, cashier; C. T. Linton, J. Adams and William Haveren, left the entrance of the mint and were walking toward their machine at the curb.

Two or three men carrying guns leaped from the bandits' car and with a shout of "Hands up!" opened fire on the reserve bank employees. Linton tried to throw the money into the gridded back compartment of the reserve truck and was shot by the leader of the bandits. He died at the county hospital without regaining consciousness.

Employees and guards at the mint were afraid to shoot freely at the bandits for fear they might kill members of the reserve bank crew.

As soon as the robbers got the currency to their own car they sped away through a rain of bullets from guards in the second story of the mint. The leader of the highwaymen, standing on the running board, turned toward the Government building as though to fire. Peter Kiedlinger, a guard at the main entrance, fired with a rifle. The bandit crumpled up on the running board and was pulled inside the car.

The money was the property of the Denver Federal Reserve Bank, the mint merely being a depository. The loss was covered by insurance and the number of every bill in the consignment is on record.

So terrific was the gunfire during the robbery that forty bullet holes were counted in the transoms above the main entrance to the mint and in the windows of the second story. The granite walls of the Government building are chipped where other bullets struck. Windows in stores and apartments across the street were riddled by the fire of the guard.

J. B. Olson, cashier of the Denver branch bank, in charge of the guards who were transferring the money from the mint to the truck, had the most precarious position of any one participating, he said.

"We had just gotten the money from the mint when a car drove up and I heard some one say 'Hands up,' I started to rush into the mint for help. The guards inside the mint started to shoot at me."

"I never held up my hands. After one of the mint guards had shot at me I screamed for him not to shoot me but to shoot at the bandits. 'Who are you?' he asked. I told him, and then he directed his fire in the direction of the bandits."

A tabulation of the different professions and occupations of the incoming Massachusetts House of Representatives shows that lawyers, as usual, are to the fore with 44 of the 210 seats. Next to the legal profession come merchants, with 26 places. Following in third place are 23 real estate and insurance men.

TROUBLED WITH
RINGWORM YEARS
On Face. Itched Badly.
Cuticura Healed.

"For several years I was troubled with ringworms on my face. They itched badly and at times were very red. The skin around them was inflamed. My face looked fierce. I tried different remedies but none of them helped me. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample which helped me. I bought more and in one month was completely healed, after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Ointment." (Signed) Miss Emma Gubisch, 324 Elm St., Meriden, Conn., Sept. 13, 1921.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.

Savings Bank of Newport, Newport, R. I.

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

Save today
tomorrow never comes

YOUR SURPLUS

What are you doing with your surplus—spending it for luxuries or saving it? The sooner you begin to save your surplus dollars and deposit them with The Industrial Trust Company the sooner you will reach independence.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232, Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETSAll Orders
Promptly
Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods
are Fresh
AbsolutelyNEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORMNews of General Interest
From the Six States

A record kill of deer during the open season last week in Mass., was 1720. The previous high mark was 1280.

The Vermont state grange re-elected L. Martin of Plainfield master at the 51st annual gathering held in Burlington. This is Mr. Martin's fourth term of two years each.

The six weeks' trial of Charles Ponzi and his agents cost the County of Suffolk, Mass., \$4489.04. This is independent of the salaries of Judge Foxworth and other court officials.

The jury in the Perrigo-Twombly suit in Lowell awarded Elmer Perrigo \$500 as damages to be paid by Edgar Twombly, wealthy contractor, for the alienation of Mrs. Perrigo's affections. Perrigo had named \$35,000 in his suit.

United States Senator Page of Vermont has just notified Norman Bone of South Ryegate and Leon Harding of Verboire of their appointment as students to naval academy, Annapolis. Both are students at Montpelier Seminary.

Students of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, think Thomas A. Edison the greatest living American. President Kenneth C. M. Sills announced in making public the result of a poll at the college. Woodrow Wilson ranks second and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Mass., third. The runners-up are Secretary of State Hughes, Charles M. Schwab and Chief Justice Taft, in the order named.

"There are men from my home town and from other towns in Vermont and other states who are living to find a life of ease. They are going to California and other places where work is lessened. In my opinion such men are quitters and must be branded so, particularly during this critical period of reconstruction when every man is needed at his post of duty," said Rev. Francis Metzger of Randolph before the cadet corps of Norwich University.

A live Yankee named Henry Green is trying to solve, with the aid of two Ford cars or parts thereof, a transportation problem in northern Maine that was given up by the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad Company as hopeless. Many years ago a toy railroad was constructed from Brownville, on the line of the Bangor and Aroostook, to Katahdin Iron Works, a dozen miles up in the hills where iron of a very high grade was mined and smelted. This iron had two decades been teamed to Bangor, and when the B. & A. was built to Brownville, but this was a slow and costly method, and so the little railroad was built, and for years, while the iron works managed to keep going, had plenty of business.

Bert Brown of Brookline, Vt., tackled a bobcat barehanded and killed it. He heard a noise in his hen house and on investigation, found the cat attempting to escape through the meshes of the hencoop wire. He reached in, grabbed the animal by the hind legs and swung it over his shoulder. The bobcat's head hit a beam and he dropped limp and lifeless. None of the Brown chicks were killed and he was also overjoyed to learn later that the state pays a bounty of \$3 on bobcats. The cat measured 38 inches.

CANADA CURBS SMUGGLING

Dominion Will Restrict Fraudulent
Ship Transfers.

Washington.—The intent of the Canadian Government to join with the British Government in an effort to restrict the smuggling of liquor into the United States was communicated to Secretary Hughes in a formal note from Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador.

The British Government had already previously acquainted the State Department with the steps taken.

FIGHT PACIFIC DRUG TRADE

Dry Chief Will Take Corps of Trained
Agents to Coast.

Washington.—Prohibition Commissioner Roy A. Haynes personally will direct a drive to clean up the traffic in drugs on the Pacific Coast early in the New Year, it was announced here.

Under the law he is charged with enforcing drug regulations, and will concentrate on this rather than violations of the Eighteenth Amendment, it was said.

Daisy's Tricks and Excuses

By JANE OSBORN

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As private secretary to the managing editor of the magazine, Daisy Jones was the go-between that invariably appeared between that important personage and aspirants to literary honors who thought that a personal interview with an editor was one of the things on the ladder to success. Almost never did one of the callers whom Daisy Jones met in the reception room of the magazine office get to see Mr. Stockbridge, the editor. Yet they never felt that they were being turned down or that they had been sent away empty-handed. They felt that they had got out of the hands of Daisy's radiant personality, her sympathetic smile and her understanding brown eyes. If they had, they would have taken it and referred it to one of the readers. If they begged a personal interview with Mr. Stockbridge she made excuses; if they had criticisms to offer she listened patiently and thanked the critics.

Harold Rogers when he called with a brief case of manuscript at the editorial office was no ordinary caller. That is, he was not to be sidetracked by Daisy Jones' interested smile or sympathetic eyes. Harold had sold books one summer as part of his scheme for putting himself through college and he was immune to all of Daisy's tricks and excuses.

"I want to see Mr. Stockbridge—I'm going to see him somehow," he said doggedly but with perfect good nature.

"But Mr. Stockbridge expects me to attend to callers with whom he is not personally acquainted. If you have a manuscript I'll be very glad to take it and have it carefully read by one of the assistant editors. Mr. Stockbridge never considers manuscript until it has gone through the hands of his assistants. He is so very busy. You surely understand."

"Yes, but this manuscript has already gone through the hands of your editorial readers," and it has come back with a rejection slip. I didn't write it, you understand. If I had I wouldn't be so keen about praising it. But it is the work of an old friend of mine—Alden Bangs. I undertook to place it for him. He is especially eager to get you people to take it. I know your readers weren't impressed by it, but I also know that a man like Mr. Stockbridge might sometimes come to a different decision from that of his assistants. I want Mr. Stockbridge to read this himself. That's why I want to meet Mr. Stockbridge personally. Now you say that he never reads manuscripts personally, that he never reads manuscripts until it has been passed on by his readers. I happen to have heard how he took the first story from John Brandige. His readers turned it down. Then he read it personally and recognized it as one of the best short stories of the year."

"Of course, John Brandige was different," assured Daisy. "Mr. Stockbridge's sympathy was aroused. Mr. Brandige, you know, is blind. When other men who try to beg his personal interest come he says: 'They are strong, healthy. Why don't they become doctors or engineers or lawyers or carpenters? There are too many fiction writers as it is.' You know Mr. Stockbridge is not very enthusiastic about fiction writing as a profession. Tell your friend that Mr. Stockbridge thinks that for nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand who aspire to fiction writing, it would have been the part of wisdom to have taken up some other calling. That is what Mr. Stockbridge would tell you if he saw you. Of course, with John Brandige it was different. He was blind."

Harold Rogers had been listening intently. He interrupted Daisy now: "There may be just as good reason why this friend of mine should be encouraged as John Brandige. The fact is—the fact is he broke his neck once when he was trying—trying to save a girl from drowning. He has to support an invalid mother and a tongue-tied sister."

"Tongue-tied?" queried Daisy. "Yes; tongue-tied—that's what I said, isn't it? You see she studied to be a singer and then she became tongue-tied so she can't help support the family. Really it is a very sad case, quite as sad as that of John Brandige. Of course, this manuscript may not be available, but if Mr. Stockbridge would only look it over he might be willing to write to this friend of mine and offer him some helpful criticisms. You see he has to lie flat on his back—he dictates to—to his tongue-tied sister."

"That is pathetic," said Daisy, sympathetic concern written on her vivacious face. "I'll tell Mr. Stockbridge about it. Just leave the manuscript and I'll see what I can do."

Mr. Stockbridge was not in a very amiable mood nor a sympathetic one, and Daisy did not feel that it was an auspicious time to present the sad case of the broken-necked author and his tongue-tied sister. But she could not bear to disappoint them. So she read the manuscript very carefully herself. She could see why the readers had rejected it, still she could also see traces of merit that might make this Alden Bangs a second John Brandige. She pondered long over the story and then in a letter she wrote she brought to bear all the literary criticism she had learned from her long association with Mr. Stockbridge. A second manuscript followed after two weeks. This showed as Daisy thought, enormous improvement; still, it was hardly up to Stockbridge's standard. So she wrote another letter as full of tactful encouragement as if it was of unsparring criticism. A month followed and Daisy often feared lest she had been too severe. Or perhaps poor Alden Bangs' poor life had come to a close, his ambition still ungratified.

In a month and a day, however, the third manuscript from Alden Bangs arrived and with it a brief handwritten letter expressing the deep gratitude of the writer for the sympathetic interest that Miss Jones had taken.

One quick reading gave Daisy courage; a second reading and she knew that she had a really great story in her hands. She did not hesitate to take it to Stockbridge. Stockbridge was enthusiastic—more enthusiastic than Daisy had ever seen him before. "Send for the author," bawled Stockbridge. "He's got the real spark of genius. Wherever he lives we'll pay his expenses. Don't let any one else get ahead of us. Get him up here at once."

"But I'm afraid he can't come," said Daisy sadly. "He's a bedridden invalid."

"The devil," stormed Stockbridge. He mused for a moment. "Lives in Stoneton? That's 800 miles away. I could go—I say, Miss Jones, go home early this afternoon and jump on your staid old horse and gallop for Stoneton. Have a talk with this fellow. Look over whatever other manuscript he has on hand. Find out what stories he's got slumbering in his head. Size up the situation. We want to get a contract with him for a smashing big serial."

This next evening Daisy Jones was ushered into the old-fashioned drawing room of the old-fashioned house of the Bangses in Stoneton. She had asked to see Mr. Alden Bangs and she expected to be ushered upstairs to see the broken-necked author and his tongue-tied sister. Instead she was kept waiting for a few minutes and then a stalwart young man of about thirty, wearing rather rusty riding togs, came into the room.

"Miss Daisy Jones!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand in a firm and vigorous handshake. "You know I was afraid you were going to be—well—a sort of a blue-stocking—horn-rimmed spectacles and all that. But after those wonderful letters I really couldn't believe that you were—But how does it happen that you are in Stoneton?"

"You are not Alden Bangs?" gasped Daisy. "You didn't write that story—yours—why—I thought you had a broken neck and a tongue-tied sister and an invalid mother—"

For a moment Alden Bangs felt sure that his caller had suddenly taken leave of her senses, then when she assured him that, broken-necked or not, he had written a story that Stockbridge declared a work of genius, he listened with eagerness.

"Mr. Stockbridge sent me to see you because we thought you were an invalid—that you broke your neck to save a poor girl from drowning—"

Alden Bangs looked puzzled and then gradually a smile came over his face.

"That villain Rogers," he said, laughing heartily. "You see I had an idea that I could write a little, but I couldn't get up my nerve to find a market for my manuscript. Harold Rogers is a born salesman. He is my best friend too, and more eager for me to succeed than I am myself, and—well, I guess he thought if he told a hard luck story you'd be more interested—which of course shows how little he knows of the literary game."

Six months later when the first installment of Alden Bangs' great serial had appeared the newspapers reported the quiet wedding of the much talked-about young writer to Daisy Jones—and Harold Rogers was the best man.

VIRTUE IN PRECIOUS STONES

Magical Attributes Accorded Jewels Since the Earliest Days of the World's History.

Stones more or less precious have been used as ornaments from Paleolithic days. In Egypt the art of making jewelry reached its height about 2600 B. C. The necklace, which was a favorite ornament of the Egyptians, had developed in different forms: Tubular beads, such as drilled pebbles, etc., and disk beads made from ostrich egg shells cut into small disks were pierced and strung. But these crude forms began to be rapidly replaced by attractive stones to which certain magical virtues were also attributed. One of the earliest of these, and one of the most commonly found right up to the climax of the Egyptian period, was the carnelian. The carnelian was used as a cure for red eyes and for certain other ills, and was very highly prized. Another stone greatly admired and widely used was the turquoise. Throughout the East even today there exists an intense, though still unexplained, love of the turquoise. It has been so admired since some time prior to 5000 B. C., and was intimately associated with Hathor, goddess of motherhood, one of whose names was "The Lady of the Turquoise."

Hard at It.

Daughter—The young man sticks to his purpose so, mother.
Mother—Always proposing, dear?
Daughter—No, he's so doggedly determined not to do it.

Uses of Language.

"What's on the carpet, professor?"
"My dear young lady, they are going to sing 'Mozart and Handel' tonight. Will not that be edifying?"
"I'll say it will. Ain't we got fun?"

Personal Contact.

"Ere I was a preacher," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively. "I'd pound de pulp less an' go visitin' mo', sub."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Good Work Never Lost.

No good work is ever lost; many laborers must be content to sow; others will come to reap the harvest.—Max Muller.

Light Rays Thrown Ten Miles.

Rays of billion candle-power searchlights have penetrated to a height of ten miles from the earth.

Proved to Be a Useful Brute

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A tricky wind blew up the street, plundering golden naples and setting fleets of fairy argosies a-sail through the sunlit distance. Mischief enough, one would think, but tricky winds miss no chances. This one caught Clara fairly midship, wrapping her skirts so close about her that stepping was impossible. In the effort to loosen the clinging things she let go the shafts of blossoms so lately ravished from Miss Penny's garden. The next minute dahlias, asters, loose-leaved, heavy-headed roses, jewel colored zinnias, cosmos of rainbow hues, ever-blooming pansy-suckle sprays, all fell at her feet, to be scattered by the wicked wind all along the pavement.

"Lucky I'm here! Now you want me to—well, say things for you," Top Ralney said behind her. Improperly he was Sorrel Top—his hair a sufficient reason for the name. "You ought to have been wiser than to refuse me yesterday," Top went on serenely. "You surely understand I can use language more forcibly than any other bean you've got."

"Thank you for nothing. I can do my own swearing in a pinch," Clara lunged back. "Run home, or I may have to begin."

"There is a time for all things. This isn't one for running home straight off," Top said rather disjunctedly. He was half bent, picking up the flowers. "Lucky for you I'm a Christian, doing good to them that despitefully use me. If I were not—"

"Go home, I tell you!" Clara said, so low he knew she was murderous—almost. It tears came she would be quite so. Banter fled from him—in a twinkling he retrieved the last blossom, huddled the mass delicately in his arm, and said in a voice of profound respect: "I'll take these on to the church, Miss Darcy. Who shall I give them to—Mrs. Angell, or Miss Gray?"

"I don't care what you do," Clara burst out, wheeling to run away, but in the act checked herself, sighing: "Oh, neither—Miss Penny hates both."

"All for sweet charity!" Top bubbled, then relapsing into his high manner: "In that case, hadn't you better overlook hating me for half an hour, or so, and see that your plunderings are rightly bestowed?"

"Come on," Clara said, recklessly, during just him. He went on—but so soberly she was soon yards ahead. At the next corner she stopped short, saying viciously: "Aren't you ridiculous enough without playing footman? Keep up—if you insist upon coming with me."

"Oh, certainly—if you invite me," Top returned with a slow, hovering smile. Once beside her he touched her bare hand very lightly, saying, half under his breath: "Who'd think anything so little and soft could knock out clean a big hulking brute?"

"Dear me. Are you a brute? I never thought you'd admit it," Clara said idly, but with a hint of thawing underneath. Top nodded, saying, thoughtfully: "Brutes, after all, have their uses. Consider the elephant. But for him raging tigers, roaring lions, leopards and things might rule the world. Consider, too, the camel—the only thing before autos that knew the way across deserts, not stopping to hunt water. Bears, too—what were Wall Street without 'em? Bulls are not worth skinning at the present price of hides."

"Shut up!" from Clara.
"Top went on serenely. "And even real men now and again justify their existence—if only by contrast with the near-Brumhells of today."

"Give an example," from Clara, domineeringly. "Needless. You have one all ready to your hand."

"There's Roy Gordon," suggested Top.

"So you're really jealous?" from Clara, with a twinkle.

Top shook his head. "Of a man—I might be," he said. "But that—good Lord, who would be jealous of a necktie and a silk shirt?"

"Do you think silk shirts are dreadfully immoral?" Clara asked, the twinkle strengthening. "And is it the reason you want me to cut Roy dead?"

"No—because pitch sticks. He's a lump of the blackest, stickest sort—hardly safe even to let alone," Top broke out. They were on the church steps—from within came the sound of many babbling voices in high key. Under cover of the babblings Clara said clearly: "Roy will take me in his car to the reception after the wedding—It's only five miles from town—but we'll go the longest way round, so as to get a beautiful ride."

"You have a—nice night for it," Top said, bowing, as he handed over the flowers. He looked quite as usual—but somehow Clara had a feeling that his voice had grown suddenly gray.

It haunted her all through the wedding, despite the medley of flowers, lights, music, gay garments, gayer chatter. She might have been maid of honor—even, were truth told, the bride herself, had she so chosen, but had preferred to stay in the background. Roy, a radiant usher, had seated her well to the front. Top she could not see without craning her neck, but she felt his eyes upon her all through the service. Then, when she looked for him, meaning to wave him a gay defiance, he had vanished. That astonished her; he was no quitter. But there was no sign of him. She tried not to think of him—helped to such oblivion by a sudden darkness of two minutes' duration, which bred much merry confusion and many blundering encounters. But, in spite of it, she was soon seated beside Roy, the soft wind in their faces and their lights making radiant pathways down the long, white turnpike. She scarcely

noted that, instead of his roadster, Roy drove a sedan, conspicuously new and snug, with a litter of robes in back.

"A bird—that's what she is," he said, shifting into high. "Nothing in the county can touch her by a mile. Just right for an elopement!"

"On a trial split! Who's the lucky lady?" Clara asked, smiling bravely, though her heart beat like a trip-hammer.

"You ought to know it; she's close kin to you," Roy retorted, smiling in reply; then, with sudden fierceness, "Haven't you guessed yet?"

"What?" Clara asked, her eyes shooting sparks.

"Why—that we are going to get married soon as we're ten miles over the state line. We are, I tell you!" at her cry of protest. "You've had your day, playing me for a softy—think! you could fling me away when you tired of the game. Well, now you can't! See! You're with me—of your own free choice—a hundred witnesses to that—you'll stay with me all night, at least—unless you go home married to me—you ain't likely ever to have a chance of marrying anybody else. What you go to do about it?"

"Kill you—then myself—if you keep your word," Clara cried, making a frantic clutch for the wheel. As Roy hung off her hand, another hand fell heavily upon him—Top's big hand, indeed—and Top's voice said, still gray and cold: "Of course you needed room for luggage, eloping this way, Roy—but you provided a little too much—I've been quite comfortable since the start." Then he half lifted Clara to the seat beside him, saying sternly, but with a grin, humorous smile: "Turn back, Roy—and drive like hell. We don't want to miss the wedding supper," adding, as Roy tried to go forward: "It will look better, to the wedding crowd, if I don't have to take your place." Then he sat closer to Clara and whispered: "You see, a human brute even comes in handy—sometimes."

MADE HIS NAME IMMORTAL

Mount Whitney, Highest Point in the United States, Could Not Be More Worthily Designated.

Mount Whitney is named after Prof. Josiah Dwight Whitney, who was born at Northampton, Mass., 1810, and died 1890. Professor Whitney was for some time engaged by the United States government in geological survey work and earned later a most enviable reputation as one of the greatest American geologists. From 1854 he was professor of Sanskrit, and from 1859 professor of comparative philology at Yale university. One of his outstanding works was the compilation of the Century dictionary, 1858-61. Mount Whitney is the highest point in the United States. Its summit is 14,933 feet above sea level, and rises in the Sierra Nevada, east California. This mountain is not an isolated peak like Mount Shasta, Mount Rainier or some of the Canadian peaks, but is a summit in the great tilted block of the earth's crust forming California's southwest range, the Sierra Nevada. Clarence King, director of the first geological survey in 1870, climbed to the top of Mount Whitney, as he supposed, only to find he had really climbed a neighboring peak. He made a successful ascent of Mount Whitney two years later.

"Skinners" of Revolution.
"Skinners" of the Revolution was a name given during the Revolutionary war to bands of American marauders that infested the territory—known as neutral ground—extending along the east bank of the Hudson river for a distance of about 40 miles north of New York city.

In the zeal of service both (cowboys and skinners) were apt to make blunders, and confounded the property of friend and foe, according to Washington Irving. Neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity, nor when they wrang the neck of a rooster did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for congress or King George.

How Expression Originated.

The use of the expression, "get the sack," when one means "to be discharged," originated through the impression made upon people in this country when stories were brought to them of the way the sultan of Turkey disposed of members of his harem of whom he had tired. When he wanted to get rid of one of his harem he was said to have had her put in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus. People who heard of this report repeated it to others, and they became so used to telling the tale that they slipped quite naturally into the habit of saying "to get the sack" when they meant that they expected to be put out of a position suddenly.

Ended That Love Affair.

I liked a boy in school. He was a "perfect gentleman" (I thought). So nice and gentle with the girls! One day I carried home from school lots of books. I met him. I looked at him and then said shyly: "You may carry my books if you wish." He gave me a disgusted look, and with these words: "I'm no human express wagon; carry 'em yourself," he sauntered off.—Chicago Journal.

Rice Paper.

Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the pith of tung-lau, or hol-low-plum, so called because it is hollow when the pith has been pushed out.

"Blue-Blooded" Ants.

Ants had developed their present highly organized society long before our ape-like ancestors had settled down into communities.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

"WHO WAS FAMELA?"

WHEN in going through Montmartre tourists are taken through the famous cemetery in that portion of Paris, they usually pause for a moment as they pass a modest headstone bearing the single word "FAMELA," particularly since those which surround it are literally covered with facts and figures concerning the history of the persons who lie buried there.

"Who was FAMELA?" ask the tourists, turning inquiringly to the guide. And that personage merely shrugs his shoulders, smiles and replies: "That, monsieur, is what the world would like to know—for here is the grave of a remarkable woman, the idol of royalty, the toast of France. But who she was or where she came from are questions that have never been answered."

"FAMELA," continues the guide, with that quick grasp of historical data which is common to those who direct visitors in various sections of Europe, "was the name given to the beautiful child brought from England to be the playmate of the little ones in the palace of the Duc de Chartres, later the Duke of Orleans. Golden haired, blue-eyed, a veritable sprite, the little girl won all hearts, in spite of the fact that there was very evidently a dark mystery about her origin. There were some at court who shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders meaningly when, as she grew up, the girl called 'FAMELA' began to make conquests which were more and more widespread. But the secrecy which veiled her birth did not affect her popularity in the slightest. She was the inspiration of countless poets, the cause of scores of duels and when her heart was finally won by the Irish Lord Edward Fitz Gerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, there were many who left Paris because they could not bear to see her married to another."

"The announcement of her approaching marriage to Lord Edward brought from London the same question which Paris had been asking for many years: 'Who is FAMELA?' and in the marriage contract, still to be seen at Tournaay, the bride is described as 'Stephanie Caroline Anne Simms,' known as 'FAMELA,' native of London, daughter of William Berkeley and Mary Simms."

"But this does not, by any means dispel the mystery surrounding this most charming of creatures, for the governess of the household of the Duc de Chartres maintained that she was the daughter of British nobility, while the Masonic Magazine, in the issue which appeared within a month after her marriage, declared that she was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans himself. Moore, in his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitz Gerald,' leans to this theory, stating that the mother of 'FAMELA' was none other than the governess in the duke's family who took such a marked interest in the girl."

"But no matter. These are only rumors—reports, founded only on gossip. History which is vague in the extreme about the origin of the beautiful 'FAMELA,' is only too explicit as to her adventures after her marriage. Lord Edward Fitz Gerald became prominent in Irish politics and, like Sir Roger Casement more than a century later, decided to cast his lot with the French against England. Accordingly, he crossed the channel and arranged for a French invasion of Ireland, only to be betrayed and hunted, with a price of a thousand pounds upon his head. Those who were searching for him kept a close watch upon his wife and Lord Edward was finally captured in the apartments of the lovely 'FAMELA,' who sold her jewels and everything she possessed in a vain attempt to bribe his jailers. The Irish lord lived only a short time afterward, dying as a result of wounds which he received when he was captured, and 'FAMELA' returned to Paris where she lived until her death at the age of fifty-seven. Even then, this woman of mystery is described as admired and sought after; brilliant in society, remarkable for her loveliness of fancy and play of wit—a creature born to win all hearts. Here lies what is left of her, interred under the single word that clonked her true identity."

"Who was 'FAMELA'?" That, monsieur, is a question that will probably not be truly answered until the Day of Judgment."

The Good Old Days.

Yesterday forenoon a well-dressed young lady, apparently about fifteen years of age, attempting to cross Grand street in her walk up Broadway, was encountered by a large hog, running from a dog. He struck her off her feet, and in falling, she struck her head on a large stone, which cut a gash of nearly three inches in length; nor was it until after she had lain in a senseless and bleeding state for nearly two hours that she came to herself. How long are the citizens to endure this dangerous nuisance in open violation of the city ordinances? From the New York Evening Post of June 30, 1922.

He Wasn't Worrying.

Uncle—Engaged to two young women at the same time? Well, what are you going to do about it?

Wild Nephew—Oh, I'm all right; the question is, what are they going to do about it.

Finally Learns Truth.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance.—Emerson.

City Has Had Many Names.

Feking has probably had, during its existence, a greater number of names than any other city in the world.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

THE BURDELL MURDER

WHENEVER a mysterious murder case finds space upon the first page of New York newspapers and begins to command nation-wide attention it is fairly certain that, sooner or later, the commentators will commence to draw comparisons between its details and those of the Burdell affair, one of the most mysterious crimes in the annals of the metropolitan police force, a murder which polluted every element of the sensational and bizarre.

Dr. Harvey Burdell, the chief figure in the mystery, was a dentist who, solely through his own efforts had built up a wide and extensive practice in the city and had been connected with at least three approaches to matrimony which had resulted in pre-nuptial quarrels and consequent severance of agreements. At the time of his death, Dr. Burdell had been living in a house rented by a Mrs. Cunningham, the dentist using one of the front rooms for his office and sleeping at the rear. He kept only one servant, a combination office-boy and valet who slept outside the house. The only residents of the building were a manufacturer named Eckel and George V. Snodgrass, the son of a clergyman.

One rainy afternoon Dr. Burdell left the house about five o'clock and, as several persons afterwards testified, walked in the direction of Broadway up Chambers street. Mrs. Cunningham and her two other lodgers were in the house all evening, but heard nothing which seemed in the least out of the ordinary, retiring at the usual hour.

Early the next morning, the office boy attempted to enter Dr. Burdell's office in order to attend to his usual round of cleaning and found that the door appeared to be jammed by some heavy object pressing against it from the inside. Pushing harder, the door finally gave way and the servant staggered into the room, only to be halted by the sight of his employer lying upon the floor, fully dressed and with the light still burning brightly. The corpse, however, was covered with clotted blood and there were large splashes of blood over practically every piece of furniture in the room, as well as on the floor, the walls and a portion of the ceiling. The dentist had evidently put up a hard fight for his life but had finally succumbed to the more than a dozen wounds found upon his body—wounds which had very evidently been made by a long, slender dagger, something on the order of a stiletto.

Further to complicate matters, the investigations of the police developed that at least two persons had been connected with the crime—one of them having partially throttled the dentist by means of a thin cord, while the other had repeatedly stabbed him. The position of the wounds also indicated that one of the assailants was left-handed, for no right-handed person could have delivered blows at the angles of those in Dr. Burdell's body.

Upon the slight evidence presented by the fact that Mrs. Cunningham, the landlady, was left-handed, she was immediately arrested as were Eckel and Snodgrass. But, at the trial, which ensued, the defense was able to riddle the statements of the prosecution, with ridiculous ease, presenting a number of counter questions which were still unsolved by the theory of the police, that Mrs. Cunningham, with the aid of her lodgers, had killed Dr. Burdell. Among these were:

Where had the dentist been during the time which elapsed between five o'clock when he left the house and midnight, the hour at which the murder had been committed? A number of persons had seen him go out, but no one had seen him return.

Why had the noise of the struggle not aroused a woman in the next house, separated only by a very thin wall? What were the papers which had been buried in the fireplace of the murder-chamber? If Mrs. Cunningham, Eckel or Snodgrass had been implicated in the crime, why did none of their clothes bear the slightest stain of blood, while the room where Dr. Burdell had been killed was literally smeared with it? And, finally, what was the motive for murder—since the dentist's jewelry and several hundred dollars in cash had not been touched?

After the trial, which lasted only three days and resulted in the immediate acquittal of Mrs. Cunningham, the landlady sprung another sensation when she declared that she had been married to Dr. Burdell and that she was entitled to his estate. Her contention, however, was never fully established and she lost her suit for the property of the dead man, finally dying in poverty in a tiny flat in Harlem, while Dr. Burdell's brother went insane as a result of the strain of the trial and Eckel died in the Albany penitentiary, while serving a sentence in connection with the whisky frauds.

Years have elapsed since the Burdell murder, but today the case is just as much of a mystery as it was upon that morning early in January when the body of the dentist was discovered by his valet.

Natural.

Mr. Shott—How do you like these new pay-as-you-enter gates?

Mr. Pott—Seem kind of natural. Just like entering my house on Saturday night.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 21, 1821.

The following works for the defence of Rhode Island are set down to be commenced as soon as possible: Fort at Brenton's Point, estimated cost \$575,514.10.

Redoubt in advance of Jitto, \$154,552.42.

Fort at Dimpling's Point, \$578,940.57. Do at Rose Island, \$82,411.74. Dyke across West Passage, \$205,000.00. Total, \$1,537,924.83.

Ship Maria Caroline, from Savannah, with cotton, bound for Providence, went ashore on Wednesday night, on Bonnet Point, in the West Passage, and bilged, and it is expected she will go to pieces.

Arrived Ship Nancy, 15 days from Havana. Left there, Brig Stephen of this port, loading for Europe.

Five Dollars Reward

Absented without leave, from on board the Brig Osprey, seaman named John Shaw; he is sandy complexion, large white teeth, had on when he left the vessel a short jacket and trousers. Whoever will apprehend and secure him in the Gaol in this town shall receive the above reward. All persons are forbid harboring him on penalty of the law. Harry B. Kelle, Newport, Dec. 21.

The members of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, Newport, are respectfully invited to attend in their lodge room Friday evening, December 27, for the express purpose of electing the officers for the year ensuing. Visiting brothers will be admitted as usual. By order of R. W. M., John L. Ross.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 21, 1872.

The vote of our citizens on Tuesday on the Rogers High School was certainly conclusive, although smaller than we should have been glad to see it. The vote by wards was as follows:

Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Yes	61	99	61	64	334	
No	4	16	8	10	4	42

Making a majority of 552 in favor of raising \$30,000 for purchase of lot and building for the Rogers High School. This sum, together with the \$10,000 from the Rogers fund, will be sufficient to erect a handsome building.

That element of our population which the Good Book says stand in slippery places, was apparently not numerous the other morning for we observed that not a few whose walk is usually erect, taking a reclining position. A man's confidence in his feet is not infrequently misplaced on such occasions.

Next Friday, December 26, occurs the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the patron saint of the Masonic Order. This anniversary the six knights of Washington Commandery propose to celebrate in a becoming manner, accordingly a grand ball and supper have been inaugurated for that evening at the Aqueduct Assembly Rooms.

The valuation of Little Compton this year is \$1,163,875, an increase of \$58,000 since last spring. The tax rate is \$5.16 per \$1000.

Ex-Governor William B. Lawrence left last Tuesday for Washington, to begin his course of lectures before the Law School of the District of Columbia.

Married in this city on the 18th inst. by Rev. C. E. Barrows, Mr. John M. Pepple to Miss Hattie B. Tilly; in Middletown, 1822, Arthur L. Peckham to Mary R. Lewis, both of Middletown.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 25, 1897.

The Middletown town council met Monday and after careful consideration of the matter voted to grant the franchise asked for by the Middletown and Portsmouth Street Railway Company, thus confirming the action of her sister towns. In granting the franchise, Middletown's vote, like that of Portsmouth and Tiverton, was unanimous.

Tuesday evening's meeting of the Union Club was devoted to the reading and discussion of a paper on "Health and its relation to culture and refinement." The paper was read by Col. John R. Leslie, and the discussion was by Mr. A. O. Taylor, Rev. George W. Cutler, Dr. Frederick Bradley and Dr. A. F. Squires.

Mr. Fred A. Allen, Jr., and family have moved into their new house on North Gibbs avenue. It is one of the numerous new houses that have recently been erected on that thoroughfare.

Cashier Tread of the National Exchange Bank, who has been confined to the house for the past three weeks with a slow fever, is improving.

Mr. A. C. Tins and wife will spend Christmas with their sons in Salem, Mass.

On Thomas Wentworth Higginson, author and historian, for many years a resident of Newport, celebrated his 74th birthday at his home in Cambridge on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Sypher are spending the holidays with Mrs. Sypher's parents, Col. and Mrs. A. C. Lenders. Miss Martha Lenders, who has been in New York, returned with them.

Mr. Frank E. Manaster has just finished a couple of cottages on North Gibbs Avenue, one is for himself and one for his brother-in-law, Mr. John P. Padham.

Mr. Wilham R. Langley has been confined to his house for the past week with a severe cold.

A picturesque two-storied house is being built on Main avenue for Mr. Robert E. Shea.

Mr. Simeon E. Davis, accompanied by his son, Mr. Augustus E. Davis, has returned from his five weeks' trip to Europe. Sailing from New York

on November 13, they visited London, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, Strasbourg, Lyons, Rome, Naples, and from there returned to New York.

Rev. Mr. Angier, the Gladstone of the Boston Presbytery, will occupy the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow.

Allan C. Griffith was on Monday elected Master of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., Oliver H. P. Belmont, Senior Warden, Daniel B. Peering, Junior Warden.

The Newport Street Railway Company presented each of its employees a fine large turkey for Christmas.

The Constitutional Commission are holding daily sessions in Providence. It is understood that they will propose many amendments to the Constitution of the State, one of which will be the abolishing of Newport as a state capital. They propose to increase the number of representatives to 100 members, and make the Lieutenant Governor the presiding officer of the senate. The time of elections is to be changed from April to November.

(Many other changes were proposed, some of which the people adopted and some they rejected.)

"How is your club for the interchange and development of ideas getting along?" "Well, so far, it has developed the idea in each member that he is the only man that has any ideas."

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent.)
Dorcas Chapter, O. E. S.

The regular meeting of Dorcas Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, was held on Monday evening in Dorcas Hall. A number of visitors were present. After the meeting a program was given, consisting of duets by the Bowden brothers with their Hawaiian guitar. Vocal selections and recitations were given as well as the Story of the Family Album.

An apple paring contest was held and Mr. Cottrell of Tiverton won the prize, a box of chocolates. Mrs. John Allen won the prize for guessing the number of beans in a jar, and a number tried their skill at carrying beans on a silver knife.

Mr. Alonzo Levenseller died recently of apoplexy at the town farm. He was buried in the Portsmouth cemetery. He was 72 years of age and had been in poor health for a long time.

There will be a basketball game at the town hall on Saturday evening between the Portsmouth North Stars and the John Clarke All Stars of Newport. The Portsmouth boys are Alvada, Shaw, Purcell, O'Brien, Marvel, and Almy, and the Newport boys are Isadore, Anderson, Remong, Percy, O'Neill and Lawton.

News has been received of the death of Mrs. Lillian Amelia Moore in Providence. Mrs. Moore, who was in her sixty-third year, was for several years a resident of this town, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Almy, in old Chase place near Manchester's store.

Mr. Chester Carr, who has been confined to his home by illness, is able to be out again.

The pupils of the five grades at the Newtown school held their Christmas entertainment at the school on Wednesday afternoon. The three teachers, Miss Phinney, Miss Bouphy and Mrs. Haggerty, were in charge and a Christmas play entitled "Santa Claus and Mother Goose" was given.

The different characters of Mother Goose stories were well taken by the children. Master John Gordon, Jr., was Santa and Miss Alice Garforth was Mother Goose. Jack and Jill, Old King Cole, The Dinky Miller, Daffy-Down-Dilly, Jack Horner, Bo-Peep, Miss Muffitt and her spider, and many others were there to respond when Mother Goose called. All were in costumes appropriate to their titles. Several Christmas songs and recitations were given. A number of the parents and friends were present. A large Christmas tree, well filled with presents and boxes of candy, was the center of attraction after the program and each child received gifts and candy. The McCorrie School and others had a Christmas celebration on Thursday.

Mr. Richmond Bishop and his daughter, Miss Mildred Bishop, have returned from a trip to Sullivan, Me., where they were guests of Mr. Bishop's sister, Mrs. Laura Mayne. They also visited in Bangor.

The elective and appointed officers of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., accepted an invitation and attended a meeting of Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, on Wednesday evening, when an enjoyable evening was spent.

Oakland Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., is planning a public installation, supper and dance at Oakland Hall on January 5, 1923.

The regular meeting of Portsmouth Post, No. 15, American Legion, was held at the home of Mr. Ward Elliott on Monday evening. Business was transacted and a discussion followed regarding the flooding of Arbor Lake for skating. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. Ernest Cross in Tiverton. Refreshments, consisting of fruit salad, fancy cakes, and coffee were served after which smokers were in order.

While spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman, Mr. John L. Sherman was given a surprise party in honor of his birthday. Dinner was served and a large birthday cake was cut. Vocal and instrumental selections were given. Mr. Sherman received a number of gifts.

Mr. Andrew A. Chase died at his home on the East Main Road after a long illness. He was the oldest man in the town, being in his ninety-first year, and had held the Boston Post office for nearly ten years. He had been confined to his bed the past four years, being cared for by his daughter, Miss Ella Chase.

Mr. Chase was the oldest child of Alexander Hamilton and Wilhelmina Chase, and was born in this town June 14, 1832. His brothers, William, Alfred and George Mason Chase, and sister Adeline, are deceased. On January 1, 1856, he married Hannah Thomas Dennis and to them were

born two children, Ella D., who survives him, and Edith, who died in childhood. Mrs. Chase died a number of years ago.

The funeral was held at his home on Tuesday afternoon, with Rev. Joseph B. Ackley officiating. The interment was in the family lot in the Portsmouth cemetery. There were a number of floral pieces.

The Portsmouth Grange held its Christmas tree and entertainment at Fair Hall on Thursday evening.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court
Newport, December 14, A. D. 1922.

WHEREAS, Jennie B. Hoffman, of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the said Charles B. Hoffman, her husband, on the ground of marriage now existing between said Jennie B. Hoffman and Charles B. Hoffman, now in parts to the said Jennie Hoffman unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Charles B. Hoffman of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1923, then and there to respond to said petition.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-16-22

Probate Clerk's Office, New Shoreham, R. I., December 14th, 1922.

Estate of Deloris A. Mitchell

REQUEST in writing is made by Anne M. Mitchell, widow of Deloris A. Mitchell, late of New Shoreham, deceased, that the Court make a voluntary allowance out of the estate of said deceased for the support of his family for the term of six months after his decease.

Notice is hereby given that said request will be considered on the 21 day of January, 1923, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-16

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Samuel L. Hayes

New Shoreham, Dec. 6, 1922. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, of Samuel L. Hayes, Jr., as Administrator of the estate of Samuel L. Hayes, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and his qualification by giving bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said court according to law, beginning Dec. 24th, A. D. 1922.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-8

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 4, 1922.

Estate of Sarah A. Latham

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator of the estate of Sarah A. Latham, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his account with the estate of said deceased for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the second day of January, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-8

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 4, 1922.

Estate of Hattie D. Conley

REQUEST in writing is made by the heirs at law of Hattie D. Conley, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, interested that Hattie D. Conley, late of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 21 day of January, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-8

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 4, 1922.

Estate of Hesterah D. Mitchen

FRANK L. MITCHELL, Administrator of the estate of Hesterah D. Mitchen, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 21 day of January, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-8

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 4, 1922.

Estate of Alex Ernst

CHARLES A. NERUS, Guardian of the person and estate of Alex Ernst, presents his account with the estate of his ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 21 day of January, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-8

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 4, 1922.

Estate of Alex Ernst

CHARLES A. NERUS, Guardian of the person and estate of Alex Ernst, presents his account with the estate of his ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 21 day of January, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-8

NAPOLEON B. ROSE, Auctioneer

Block Island, R. I.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

WILL BE SOLD at public auction, on WEDNESDAY, January 17th, A. D. 1923, at three o'clock P. M., on the premises hereinafter described, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed made by Andrew V. Willis, dated September 29, 1891, and recorded in the records of real estate mortgages in the Town of New Shoreham, Rhode Island, in Real Estate Mortgage Book No. 3 at pages 33, 34 and 35, the conditions of said mortgage deed having been broken.

There is a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the northern part of the Town of New Shoreham, containing by estimation about four acres and one-quarter, be the same more or less, with all the buildings thereon standing, buried and bounded as follows, to wit: northerly on land now or formerly of Oscar Willis, formerly belonging to the estate of Nathaniel L. Willis, easterly and southerly on land now or formerly of the Block Island Land Improvement Company, so called, and westerly on the public highway, or however otherwise said tract of land may appear to be bounded or described, it being formerly the homestead estate of the deceased and said tract being all the premises that were conveyed by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. Said premises subject to dower of widow of said Andrew V. Willis.

By order of the present owner and holder of said mortgage deed, who hereby gives notice of intention to bid at said sale at any postponement or adjournment thereof.

STEPHEN P. PADDOCK, Attorney for Holder of Mortgage.

12-22

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 22, 1922.

Estate of Maria Jackson

AN INTERMENT in writing presenting to the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Rhode Island, the account of Maria Jackson, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 21 day of January, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-22



Your Telephone Reaches Them All

From your office or home you can talk to anyone of millions of people who live in over 70,000 places in the United States, Canada and Cuba.

There are nearly 1,260,000 telephones in New England.

You can reach any one of them in a few minutes.

There is no other way to do that.

Your service is not confined to a radius of a few miles. It is universal. Our network of toll lines connects every city, town and hamlet.

It is just as easy to make a toll call as it is to make a local call. If you do not know how, ask for the toll operator and she will help you.

Our toll service means quick action at low cost.

You can save time and at least 20 per cent on toll charges by using station-to-station service; that is, by asking for a number, or for the listed name of a subscriber, and not for a particular person.



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Brogue oxfords for men

School shoes that combine good looks and sturdy wear

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Tel. 787

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Laura Fortescue

NOTICE is hereby given that M. Alonzo Van Horne has qualified as Temporary Guardian of the person and estate of Laura Fortescue, of full age of said Newport.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the time required by law beginning December 23rd, 1922.

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VIA FALL RIVER LINE
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